

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume VI, No. 1

OCTOBER, 1922

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2 SECTIONS

SECTION I



STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Effective October 1, 1922

NOTICE OF CHANGE IN PRICE

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Poncho (45 x 72)	3.25
Poncho (60 x 82)	4.50

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4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.

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A NEW SCHOLARSHIP BADGE!

This badge is given for exceptional progress in school work. Why don't YOU win it this year?



Now that we're all in school again, it seems a good time to remind ourselves of something it's well worth while to remember.

That is, the impression we're making every day on the rest of the world, who aren't all Girl Scouts!

It's hard to stop and think of that, I know. It's more interesting to compare notes when we're in troop-meeting or having a patrol discussion or showing off at a rally or having "the time of our lives" in

All Girl Scout Troops will want to sing the song below on Mrs. Low's birthday—October 30th—and so we are reprinting it:

Founder's Song

Tune "Fair Harvard"

*Rally 'round, all you Girl Scouts,
and join in a cheer
For our Founder and leader and friend,
From the girls who live farthest
to all who are here,
Let us wish her good luck without end!
From the North to the South, from
the East to the West,
We have gathered to greet her today,
Since she's known us the longest
and loved us the best,
In our mem'ry forever she'll stay!*

*Here's to you, our first Captain,
we'll never forget
That you built the first road for us all.
Now we're marching in triumph,
we think of you yet,
And your Troop-flag we'll never let fall!
In the years that are gone, in the days that are past,
We were lonely and tiny and few,
We're an army today, and so long as we last,
We'll be faithful, our Founder, to you!*

camp. But as a matter of fact, from one point of view, the opinion the world has of us is more important than the opinion we have of each other.

It's like your own family: they'll take care to criticize you fast enough, as I'm sure you've noticed! But you rather like to feel that the outside world thinks yours is a pretty good sort of family, don't you?

Now, all the Girl Scouts are one big family from the point of view of the outside world. The world doesn't care so much how many knots we can tie nor how fast we can signal nor how well we can draw our maps. They don't go in for that sort of thing, and they are perfectly satisfied that we know our own business best, as far as those special "Scout stunts" go. But there are certain things they do notice, and though you and I may not realize it, it is by those things they judge us.

What difference does it make to

your teacher, for instance, that you have a wonderful record at camp for tidiness and pass every "inspection" with flying colors, if your desk is in disorder and your books torn and inked? What does the monitor who marches you down the halls and stairs care how well you line up on parade on Girl Scout day if you are noisy and pushing five days in the week? How does it help our great organization to have you helpful and co-operative in the troop and incapable of good team-play in the school room? And if you are a good enough scout to take pride in keeping up with your patrol and not being the means of lowering its standards, are you as careful never to pull a class back by inattention or laziness?

You see, that's what they judge us by—your general attitude toward life and your business in life, which happens to be school, just now. They don't always understand what your merit badges mean, but there are certain broad principles which they understand very well and you may be sure they are a little more critical of us than of non-Scouts. That is, they expect more of us—and why shouldn't they, as a matter of fact?

Did you ever happen to hear a teacher or a school principal say,

"Oh, yes, I can always depend on the windows being open: we have several Girl Scouts in this room," or,

"Janie will see that they're all on time for the trolley: she is a Girl Scout, you know," or,

"Elizabeth assures me that nothing of the kind happened, and of

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CHAPTER VII

"And They Cheerily Put to Sea."

CASSANDRA came home the next night much easier in mind as to her brother's family. Then Susie sent word that she should be able to resume her duties within two days; altogether, the signals were set for fair weather in the Bell household.

But!—Sylvia thought of it as a capitalized, underscored "but"—Cassandra brought with her a letter that had arrived in the last mail, and this letter was from Sylvia's Aunt Emily, Miss Emily Bell, and it announced her coming to see her niece and to see about her niece within ten days.

Aunt Emily meant well. Everyone knows just what that stands for. When a person has to be explained by a charitable emphasis upon her intentions, then it is perfectly clear that her performances are wearisome. Sylvia knew that for her, at least, Miss Bell's visit was a period to be endured as best she could, chiefly by as many escapes from her aunt's presence as might be accomplished.

Sylvia went to tea at Mrs. Leveritt's with perfect decorum. She wore her prettiest gown and behaved in her prettiest manner. When Sylvia chose to subdue herself, no young girl could be more conventionally charming. Mrs. Leveritt watched her with growing wonder and approbation. She had an old-fashioned respect for her

elders, a sweet frankness that was free from self-consciousness, and at times her breezy fun broke through the half-shyness in a way that Mrs. Leveritt found irresistible.

After Sylvia had gone with Lloyd to see her safely home, Mrs. Leveritt delighted Ruth with her praise of her friend.

"I'm sure I don't know what people mean by calling Sylvia Bell a tomboy," she said. "She's not only a sweet, girlish girl—she's an old-fashioned little gentlewoman. I suppose she has come by that charm of hers through growing up alone, influenced by that fine Bell library, and—well, Ruth, my dear, I'm afraid to say—by her freedom from intimacy with girls of her own age! Yet, how she does bubble over with fun and how her eyes do call one to join in with her and be a girl, too! She's a dear child, Ruth. I'm glad you've become friends; although I'd never admit that our little girl was not as sweet as any girl need be!"

Ruth hugged her aunt. "My mother and my mother's sister set me an example," she said, and meant it.

The next morning the other Sylvia, the boyish Sylvia, set out early to sail. Once more she wore her middy costume and her weather-worn old hat, and was as glad to be dressed thus as O'Malley was to see her wear these things. Both knew that this foretold *The Walloping*

Window Blind and the pleasure they loved most.

As she came piping down the beach, she espied Gabriel Gaby sunning himself in front of the small shack which was his solitary dwelling place, stretched out upon the sand. His house was built under the overhanging shelter of the dune; it consisted of two rooms roofed by a lean-to. Outside it several poles were planted as a kind of supplementary cupboard; upon them hung Gabriel's pots and pans, milk can and frying pan, saving labor by sun-drying.

"Why don't we ask Gabriel Gaby to go with us, O'Malley?" Sylvia asked, her hand on O'Malley's head. "If we took Gabriel with us, O'Malley, I could play the harmonica while he sailed the boat—though that would be a hard thing for you, I suppose. But I do want to find out on the sly whether he knows anything about our house, my dear."

"Hello, Gabriel Gaby!" Sylvia called. "Don't you want to come with us out in the boat, this morning? I'm going to take the Hapgoods sailing. I thought we'd keep along the shore; I'm not sure of what they might do. It's smooth this morning, but it's smoothest close inshore, of course."

"I shouldn't think any one could feel the worse for this kind of water," said Gabriel Gaby. "But people're queer, every ways—brains, an' hearts an' souls; an' I shouldn't wonder if stomachs, too.

Yes, I'd just as lieves go along; I'm not, so to say, rushin' busy." Once more Gabriel winked at Sylvia.

"Come along, then," cried Sylvia, jumping up. "The Hapgoods are probably waiting. I told them to wait for me by my tender."

Ruth and Lloyd were waiting for Sylvia. Lloyd and Gabriel ran the rowboat down the beach, and Lloyd turned to Sylvia after she was launched, saying: "You may as well be passenger this morning; I do know how to row, and if two gentlemen are invited by you, they ought to do the hard work."

"Hear! hear!" Gabriel Gaby approved him. "Sylvia's got a right to loaf this time." So Sylvia and Ruth sat together in the stern, and Lloyd and Gabriel rowed out to *The Walloping Window Blind's* moorings.

"Wouldn't dare hint at sailin' her, would I?" suggested Gabriel Gaby.

"Not yet; by and by I'm going to let you take her, while I show you how beautifully I now play the harmonica! I'm afraid O' Malley will jump overboard, but if we keep inshore he won't drown. Shall we go up the coast, first? It's shoal water, and Ruth won't feel any motion," suggested Sylvia, a design behind her consideration for Ruth.

Sylvia was not inclined to talk, but Gabriel Gaby made it unnecessary. He was an inveterate talker, and was always delighted to get a new audience for the tales of his voyages, begun when a sailor was a sailor—not a stoker, an engineer, or mechanic of some sort.

Lloyd listened to Gabriel with open admiration; Ruth found him

less entrancing, but yet could not escape his thrall. Gabriel was in high feather. He had not had a new audience in many a day; never a more attentive one.

Sylvia was released from a hostess's obligation. She gave her whole mind to the boat, as she liked to do, leaning back leisurely, for the wind was light and her task

"I don't think that looks quite like other inlets, Gabriel," Sylvia ventured not wanting to seem curious, or to arouse Gabriel's interest unduly. She had a strong desire to keep her little old house a secret, for which reason she wanted to find out if it were actually a secret, known to her alone. "Does it run in far? Do you know anything about it? I never rowed in there, I'm sure."

"No reason why you should, 's far's I know," Gabriel Gaby said, not pleased by the interruption of his entertainment. "Certain, I've been there. It runs in's far's an inlet can—far's the mainland. Nothin' peculiar about it now. I've dug seaweed, the kind they use in makin' some drug or other, 'round the rock in there. There's a big rock around the cove, out o' sight's you sail past. They do say smugglers used that place once, but that wa'n't in my time. Nothin' to see there now."

Sylvia knew that there was no use in trying to get anything more out of him in regard to that inlet which so interested her, more, not less, than before, since she had heard Gabriel's careless allusion to possible smugglers who used it in the past.

She let herself go off delightfully into the visions which this hint called up. Perhaps the old house had been their lair! Perhaps its falling walls had once echoed to a blood-curdling chorus like that deliciously horrible one in "Treasure Island!" Sylvia resolved to go again to visit it. She would hunt up old people and slyly get them to tell her ancient stories of the neighborhood. Perhaps thus she would indirectly learn what she wanted to know. For, the more



He sat there in her boat, letting himself be sailed home.

was light, also, in consequence.

After a time, Sylvia was aroused. The boat had crept up the shore till she had come so far as to be nearly opposite the cove which Sylvia had discovered at the foot of the overgrown path that led down from the old house among the brambles.

"Is that a cove, Gabriel, in there?" Sylvia asked with studied carelessness.

"Yes, 'tis," Gabriel said, looking in the direction in which she pointed.

she thought of this old house, the more she felt that she wanted to hide it away from intruders; hide it in her knowledge, as Nature was hiding it from bodily intrusion, in an almost impenetrable thicket. Sylvia's father was right, to a certain degree, in considering her still a child.

"I'm coming about, crew," Sylvia said at last. "Going down the coast. 'Ware boom!'"

SHE jammed her tiller down hard, the boat hesitated, then swung around. The sail flapped an instant, then the boom swung across the standing room, and they were headed back in the direction in which they had come.

"Shall I stand over to the island?" Sylvia asked. "It's a pretty little thing; we might go around it, if you like."

"Aye, aye, sir; whatever you say, goes," answered Lloyd.

"Feel well—both of you?" Sylvia asked.

"Right as a trivet. Don't seem to have brought along the part of us that doesn't like sailing," returned Lloyd.

"Good!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Will you take her, Gabriel? I want to play."

"Want to see if we're strong enough to stand the mouth organ, too?" suggested Lloyd.

Sylvia laughed, but made no other reply. She resigned her place, her tiller and sheet to Gabriel Gaby, produced her harmonica from her pocket, wiped it on her sleeve in quite a boyish manner, and began to perform.

O'Malley howled. When he found that howling did not check his mistress, he came aft and sat down on her feet, putting his forepaws on her knees and looking up into her face with prayerful eyes.

"He hopes that he can put on the soft pedal, Tink," said Lloyd. "He's sitting on your feet."

Sylvia nodded but did not pause in her playing for other answer. She managed to caress O'Malley with her knee, but this did not assuage his feelings.

"How's that?" she demanded, breathless but triumphant, as she ended her tune.

"Pretty good, Sylvia; real good's I may say," Gabriel answered heartily, feeling that, as her teacher, it was his duty to reply.

She fell to piping again. The little boat was rounding the small island; it was one of the many pretty

little spots of earth which dotted the bay. This one was wooded on three sides but on its eastern side it had a bare and rocky little beach.

As *The Walloping Window Blind* came around it, there on the sand stood two figures. They were digging, coats off, their loose shirts open at the throat, their whole effect (at least to Sylvia's quick imagination) eloquent of mystery. And one was Mr. Clement Bell; the other his factotum, Eben Tompkins.

Sylvia's harmonica dropped on O'Malley's head; he yelped, not hurt, but nervous, and considering this insult added to injury.

Eben looked up and seemed to say something to his employer, for Mr. Bell saluted with one hand, vaguely. Even from that distance one could see that he was far too interested in his singular employment to be alive to anything else.

"For pity's sake! That's your father, digging, 'way out here!" cried Ruth, jumping up to see better.

Sylvia flushed to her hair. She could not have said why, but this discovery of theirs made her miserably uncomfortable.

"I wonder why they are digging? It would be nice if father began to care about fishing." She tried to speak carelessly.

"You know they ain't clam beds there, Sylvie," Gabriel Gaby said; "still less mud worms, which you don't use perch fishin', nor yet bluefish trollin', nor for mackerel. He's out this way a lot, different places. I often see 'em, earlier'n this, most a'ays. I expect it's got somethin' to do with that secret work o' his. Eben Tompkins beats all get out; won't tell one thing about it. Folks all say he likes to make himself important 'bout it."

"It is work that is of benefit to all the world," said Sylvia, throwing back her head like a spirited horse—the more proudly that there was within her a shocked sense of pain, as if something that she could not define were going wrong. "You can't expect that to be talked about. People wouldn't understand. I am very glad that Eben Tompkins is so careful."

STILL very quiet and preoccupied, Sylvia let Gabriel make her moorings, furl the sail and row them all ashore.

As she stepped out of the rowboat onto the beach, Sylvia aroused and threw off her abstraction.

"She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,

And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew

The bark of the rubgub tree."

She sang at the top of a voice of considerable volume.

"That's the poem about *The Walloping Window Blind*, in 'Davy and the Goblin.' It's perfectly beautiful! Good-bye, Hapgoods both. Glad you're feeling able to sit up."

With which farewell Sylvia ran down the beach, with O'Malley racing just ahead of her. Sober thoughts never made her walk soberly.

CHAPTER VIII

Prunes and Prisms.

O H, me! Is today the day?" thought Sylvia, looking out upon the dawn from her eastern window, remembering that Aunt Emily would come before this sun set.

"I'll work in the garden before breakfast, since I'm awake so early," she said to herself.

Sylvia was a good gardener. Though she was uncertain and fitful in regard to other work, her garden was never neglected. The flowers at the Bell house were the admiration of everyone, and their luxuriant bloom was due chiefly to Sylvia's faithful care of them.

In a skirt and smock, barehead, and forgetting her gloves, Sylvia took her hoe and rake and sallied forth.

O'Malley sat obediently on the bed border, but occasionally he hitched the least bit nearer; he did so want to be precisely on the same spot that his mistress occupied. And then, without warning, when everything seemed to be going well, O'Malley growled a deep, throaty growl, fraught with earnest meaning.

Sylvia looked up. Over against the fence on the side street boundary of the Bell place, leaned a man, watching her from afar.

When she raised her head, the man raised his hat. Sylvia bowed, slightly annoyed, she did not know why.

He waited and leaned forward. Sylvia reluctantly crossed over to receive the question which he seemed to want to ask.

"Good morning," the stranger said pleasantly, looking at Sylvia. And William was off wandering

"Good morning," replied the girl, her hand on O'Malley, who still growled in his throat.

"Do you take boarders here?" asked the man. "I am in search of a boarding place—not one of the crowded summer hotels farther on, but a quiet, private place. One was suggested to me; is this it?"

"No, for we don't take boarders," Sylvia answered.

"I see. Sorry to have troubled you. You don't happen to know the place to which I was directed?" the stranger persisted.

Sylvia shook her head. "No—where along here; these are all private houses. The boarding houses are farther back in the village, or farther up the beach," she said.

"Thank you. Once more I apologize for interrupting you. Is this Mr. Dinsmore's place?" asked the man, with a comprehensive glance around that seemed to take in everything.

"No, it isn't; Mr. Dinsmore lives on another street," said Sylvia crisply, and turned away.

The man put on his hat, which he had politely held in his hand while Sylvia had talked with him, and went his way. Sylvia resumed her hoeing, but with none of her first energy.

This man vaguely annoyed and troubled her. He was not of the type of her fellow townsmen, nor was he like the usual summer visitor to their lovely shore.

It was early in the morning for a person to be abroad seeking board. Sylvia did not believe that any one could have directed him to a boarding place which might by any possibility resemble the fine old Bell place; she knew of none of that sort.

Therefore, why had this stranger pretended to mistake the Bell house for the house of which he was in search?

"Well, I'm growling at him, too. I don't blame you one bit, O'Malley," Sylvia said aloud, as a retrospective growl muttered in the dog's throat. "But I've got to hoe if I want to get anything done this morning."

She fell on her task more vigorously, and worked well for another quarter of an hour, when O'Malley growled again, then barked, several sharp, excited barks, and whined. Sylvia looked up.

Coming down the grass, having evidently entered by the front gate and come around, was a tall lady. She was dressed in a most correctly

plain tailored suit of some dark, light-weight cloth; her hat was close and tight veiled. She wore gray gloves, irreproachably well-fitting and spotless; her coat opened at the neck in a trim little V, and the collar of her silvery silk blouse below it fitted and met in a faultless line, held together by an amethyst, framed in an oval of old English gold. She was decidedly tall, thin and straight. There was considerable reason in what Sylvia had once said of this lady, that "no one ever could be as neat and nice as she looked."

"Why, Aunt Emily! Where did you come from?" cried Sylvia, dropping her hoe with a gesture that she managed to make impulsive and suggestive of joy, but coming toward the arrival with lingering feet.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood are spending the summer at the seashore where they meet Sylvia Bell, known in the town as Captain Sylvia. Sylvia has as her closest chum, her dog, Charles O'Malley. She lives with her father and a housekeeper in the village the year 'round. Her father is so wrapped up in research work that he has very little time to give to his daughter—so that except for her dog, she has had very little companionship. She becomes very fond of the Hapgoods and takes them sailing—they in turn help her when Cassandra, her maid, is obliged to go off for a day, for Ruth is a splendid little housekeeper. In one of her tramps with her dog, she stumbles upon a little house, which seems very mysterious to her and which she plans to keep to herself.

"I arrived late last night, so stayed at the inn. I am an early riser, you know," returned Miss Bell.

She surveyed Sylvia, flushed, heated, dishevelled, bareheaded, with extreme disapproval.

"I am glad to find you up so early, and so industrious," Aunt Emily said. "But, oh, Sylvia! will you never learn the proper care of your complexion and hands? Why, why are you hatless and gloveless? You distress me beyond measure. Gardening is an excellent occupation for a young lady, quite poetical and, at the same time, wholesome. But you should wear rubber gloves *always*; never omit them *once*. And, of course, never, *never* work in your garden bareheaded."

"But, Aunt Emily," protested Sylvia, wondering to find herself put upon her own defense almost before she had saluted her aunt, "what would be the use of wearing

a hat in the garden when I never try to protect my face sailing? I shove my old hat back 'most always when I'm sailing, and the sun is ever so much hotter and more tanning on the water than it is here."

"Have I ever said, *ever*, that you should not protect your complexion on the water?" sighed Miss Bell. "Obviously, these two wrongs cannot make a right. You should wear a veil when you are sailing. You are perfectly brown this minute. Thank heaven, you don't freckle!"

"Aunt Emily, won't you come into the house? Have you had breakfast? We haven't."

"I took a cup of coffee—execrably bad coffee—at the inn. I expected to breakfast here with my brother," said Miss Bell. "How is my brother?"

"He's well," said Sylvia. "Very busy, of course."

"Of course," agreed her aunt, going toward the house with Sylvia beside her, keeping a hand on O'Malley, who did not enjoy Miss Bell's company.

Breakfast was an oppressive meal. Mr. Bell aroused to a decent welcome of his sister, but relapsed into his customary abstraction almost immediately. Sylvia was not accustomed to talk at the table; now she felt, with her aunt's critical eye upon her, as if she were not accustomed even to eat at the table, so nervous and awkward did that correct lady make her.

"We will go to your room, Sylvia, if you please," announced Miss Bell, when the meal was over. "I shall ask you first to report to me your employment, amusements, and reading, since I was here. Then I desire you to lay out before me your wardrobe. I must see what requires mending, or renewal. I shall not be able to return here, I fear, till October."

In her own room, Sylvia was put through what she herself called "a course of sprouts." She tried hard to keep her equanimity through it, but Aunt Emily had to perfection the gift of making other people's nerves and temper kindle.

"Sylvia," she said at last, sternly, "you are growing up and, I regret to say, you are not growing up according to my ideas of what a young lady should be. I shall talk seriously to my brother about you. It is frightful that he should be so engrossed in whatever it may be upon which he spends his time, that he cannot do his duty by his one child."

(Continued on page 23)

A Fair Exchange Is No Robbery, or—

A CRASH IN THE NIGHT

By Eliza Carleton

Illustrated by M. O. Stone

FOR nearly a year Florence Steele had worn a diamond-shaped black and gold pin in her blouse. When she returned from Easter vacation it had disappeared, and her own Beta college pin, which she had not been wearing, took its place.

Lucia Stanton first noticed it. "Where's the Psi U pin gone?" she asked in wonder.

"I'm not wearing it any more," was all that Florence said, but she blushed as she thought of the first exchange of the pins, which meant that an engagement would be announced as soon as college days were over—and the subsequent giving back of the pins in a tiff, when Florence had said: "Will you please return my pin?" "I shall never offer you mine again," the Psi U man had replied. "I shall surely never ask you for it," Florence had said. How she had longed for the return of his pin—longed to give hers back. But she had not dared to make the first advances.

"And I couldn't get another word from her," Lucia said later, in reporting the incident to her roommate, Molly Gilbert. "She's as mysterious about the disappearance of the frat pin as she was about its owner."

"I noticed she was awfully quiet lately," said Molly.

"If only I were a microbe of some sort, and could pop into her mind," exclaimed Lucia. "Here is a romance right under our noses, and we can't even get a peep at it. If I had secrets—"

"If you could 'tales unfold,' you certainly would unfold them," laughed Molly.

She glanced from the window.

"There's the postman. Run down and get the mail, that's a dear," exclaimed Molly.

"A letter from grandma. How's this for ears that tired of lectures? It ought to cheer even Florence. Listen! Grandma has invited you and me and any other two girls we want, to spend a couple of weeks with her at the beach this summer. We'll ask Florence—and Ruth Madison, don't you think?"

Molly and Lucia came from the same town, while Florence lived in a not far distant city. Ruth was a home friend of Lucia's and Molly's, but not a college girl.

"Five weeks more—then July, August, and all aboard for grandma's! Won't it be a lark!" Molly exclaimed.

The five weeks passed, and with it examinations. July went and August came.

As the little steamer, the *Dorothy Belle*, swung alongside the wharf, four hands stopped waving to pick up bags of various kinds, while the man who had been answering the salute from the wharf, replaced his hat on his head, and came forward to meet the four girls.

"Don't try to take all of the bags," Molly laughed. "We are perfectly able to carry our own tooth paste and bathing suits."

"You'd better be satisfied with all you can take," added Lucia, as she withdrew her bag from the man's hand, already burdened with Florence's suitcase. "When we've been here two weeks, tramping and swimming and rowing, we'll be able to manage full-fledged trunks without help, I imagine."

"That reminds me, we have a community steamer trunk—if I am ever able to find the check. How's grandma?" asked Molly.

"Fine and dandy," replied Molly's Uncle Fred, "but she thinks she has bad news for you. While we were at supper last night, an automobile stopped in front of the cottage, and in walked our Bennington cousins—four of them—for a few days' visit."

"They are always dropping in upon grandma," sighed Molly. "What becomes of us? Do we sleep on the veranda or in the garage?"

"We solved the problem by hiring the Chase cottage for you. If there had been only two cousins, I might have bunked somewhere. As it was, grandma had to turn over your rooms to them, and she is more disappointed than you are."

"The Chase cottage is only three cottages from ours, and we thought

you wouldn't mind spending a few nights there. The Plaisted's will be next door to you, and you can call upon them if you need anything during the night. You'll be with us during the day, of course."

"There'd be room for us at grandma's table, even if we had to dine in relays. I wonder it didn't occur to her that we might sleep in relays. Well, I think it will be a lark, so grandma needn't worry."

"I do, too," responded Ruth.

"So do I," said Florence.

"I only hope the Plaisted's are used to 'the sounds of revelry by night,'" laughed Lucia.

"The cottage is used very little, so perhaps it isn't in the best of condition. It was the only vacant one near. I telephoned to Mr. Chase for the key, and it arrived in the afternoon mail."

"There's grandma," exclaimed Molly, starting ahead of the group, and rushing to throw her arms about the neck of the lady with a smile who came down the veranda steps to meet them.

MOLLY turned to her friends.

"You know Lucia and Ruth, and this is Florence Steele."

"Well, grandma, it never rains but it pours, does it?" exclaimed Molly, the greetings over.

"I always did love showers, you know," was Mrs. Russell's reply.

"I suppose because it makes everything grow and bear fruit—and her fruits were patience and long suffering," twinkled Molly.

"An appreciative grandchild," smiled Mrs. Russell.

"You've had lunch?" Mrs. Russell asked, when new guests had met old guests, and wraps and bags had been deposited wherever room for them could be found.

"Only sandwiches and brownies and cake and fudge and bananas and grapes and marshmallows," burst forth Molly; "but we're nearly starved. When do we have supper?"

"Let me get you something to eat," and Mrs. Russell started hospitably towards the dining room door.

"No, no, Mrs. Russell," protested Lucia, "we've eaten every minute since we left Kendall except when we were watching a nice, interesting school of jellyfish."

"Where's Hannah?" asked Molly, suddenly. "I must go and speak to her, and tell her we've come prepared to earn our food by the sweat of our brows—even to bungalow aprons. Ruthie and I help tonight; Lucia and Florence at breakfast. Hannah isn't to wash a dish while we are here. The last is mother's instruction."

"You must be happy today, grandma," said Molly, the next afternoon, when the rain, which had been threatening, drove the girls indoors. "You say you like showers."

"It looks more like rain than a shower," Uncle Fred observed. "The sky has been opening and shutting all day."

Uncle Fred's words proved true. The rain fell harder and harder. The girls decided to retire early after supper to the Chase cottage. Uncle Fred preceded them with a wheelbarrow of wood with its "oil-skins on" as Lucia said, and soon they had a cosy fire burning in the fireplace.

"See the little fire-nymphs dance," exclaimed Florence, as she seated herself in front of the burning logs, "and hear the rain on the window. It is an anvil chorus accompanying them."

When Molly's uncle arose to leave them, he said: "I'm going over to the store for an evening paper. Is there anything I can bring you?"

"Bring us a paper, too," Molly suggested.

Uncle Fred returned shortly with the paper and a pound box of "something to keep you from being lonely and hungry," he said.

"Is that a reflection on grandma's cooking or on our appetites?" Molly laughed.

"If the coat fits," Uncle Fred laughed in return.

"Don't light the lamps yet," Florence said, when he had left them a second time. "Let's sit before the fire and talk."

"Don't you love the rain pattering on the veranda roof?" exclaimed Lucia. "And hear the wind! It really is a wild night."

"Let's tell secrets," suggested Molly.

"I wish I had one to donate," sighed Lucia. "Imagine me with a secret."

"It wouldn't be a secret long," laughed Florence.

"Out with yours," returned Lucia. "Is it the firelight that makes her cheeks so pink, or is she blushing?"

"I've no secrets to tell," said Florence.

"That's well expressed," giggled Lucia. "No secrets to tell!"

"Pass the chocolates, please," said Ruth. "That was a dandy piece I had last time. There was wedding cake inside."

"You should have saved it to dream on," said Lucia.

"Dream?" exclaimed Ruth. "You won't let me dream. You giggle and talk all night long. I'm going to sleep in a private room tonight."

"You are not. You sleep in the ward with us. That's the best part of a cottage, two beds in one room. It's more sociable," said Lucia.

"Put on another stick of wood, Molly," Ruth said. "You are nearest the basket. It's spooky when the fire dies down."

"I wonder what time it is," observed Lucia, looking at her wrist watch as the log burst into blaze and lighted the room. "Half-past nine. Can you reach the evening paper, Ruth? And if the chocolates have not disappeared entirely, I'll have another, thank you."

By the light of the fire Lucia read

the most conspicuous heading in the paper:

"Aged Couple Murdered!"

"How cheerful you are," exclaimed Florence. "Read the comic page. That's my favorite."

"The police are searching for a suspicious character who was seen in the vicinity of the home of the aged couple during the afternoon," continued Lucia. "The couple lived near the Brangdon wood."

"That's not far from here," interjected Molly.

"And were well-to-do," continued the reading. "It is believed the man entered the house for the purpose of robbing and, being discovered in the act, shot the old people. The confusion of the bureau drawers and the desk testify to robbery as the motive."

"Is that all you can find to read?" asked Molly. "I'd rather listen to the International Complication of the Tariff, or the By-Laws of the South Sea Suffragettes."

"Ch, well," said Lucia, "it's nearly 10 o'clock, anyway. We'd better go to bed."

"Do you suppose the fire will be all right if we put the screen around it?" asked Molly.



A man with a coat pulled up over his ears had just entered the room.

Lucia lighted the lamp.

"I'm not going to be murdered for my valuables," said Ruth, unfastening her wrist watch. "I'm going to leave it on the table here with a note for the chance robber to help himself, but to leave me alone," and she laid the watch on the table and, taking off a ring, laid it by its side.

"There, now, I feel safe."

"That's a good idea," said Molly. "I'll add my coral beads and my watch."

"Wait," said Lucia, hastening up the stairs. When she returned, she laid her purse on the table.

"There's all my spare change and the ten dollar bill mother gave me. I hate to part with thee, little bill, but it's all for the good of the cause. I absolutely refuse to part with my watch. Someone has got to know what time it is."

"Here's my contribution," said Florence, drawing a ring from her finger, and unfastening her Beta pin, she added them to the pile.

OTHER coins and small bills joined the collection, and Lucia, going to the dining room, returned with the plated and worn cottage spoons, and laughing, placed them beside the treasures.

"Come on to bed," she said, and giggling, they followed the leader who was carrying the lamp upstairs.

The giggling had ceased and silence reigned for several minutes.

"Did anyone notice whether the flash-light uncle loaned us was still on the stand by the bed?" Molly broke the silence.

"Yes, it's there. I can feel it," replied Ruth.

Silence came again, silence prolonged, for the four girls slept, side by side, in two beds drawn close together. Suddenly Ruth started up, so suddenly Lucia aroused.

"What was that?" exclaimed Ruth.

The other girls aroused, and listened.

"It sounded like footsteps," whispered Lucia.

"It's the wind," said Molly.

"It is surely someone walking on the veranda," Ruth whispered in awe. "Hark!"

"Lucia's newspaper story has made us all creep. You can hear all sorts of noises in a storm." But Molly's voice was not as firm as she wished.

"Hark!" said Lucia, and as four hearts beat faster, silence reigned in the room, while the mysterious sounds on the outside of the cottage continued.

"I can hear someone talking," whispered Ruth.

"It's your imagination." But Molly's tone was not encouraging, and all became silent again and listened.

"Oh, my goodness!" There was fright in Florence's hushed voice, and she sank back and buried her face in the pillow, for the sound of breaking glass was heard.

A BLIND has hit against the window and broken it," Molly whispered, trying to reassure herself and the other girls.

"There are no blinds," Ruth's awed voice whispered. "Someone is raising a window. My turquoise ring!"

"I'm going to find out what it is," exclaimed Lucia, springing up. "Pass me the flash-light."

"Don't!" protested Ruth.

"I'm not going to lose that ten dollar bill," responded Lucia with determination.

"You'd better lost that than your life," whispered Florence tragically.

"You can scream for the Plaidsteds, if you want. Give me the flash-light," and throwing the bathrobe which was lying over the foot of the bed over her, Lucia took the light from Ruth's unwilling hand, and started downstairs.

"She sha'n't go alone," said Molly with equal determination, and started after her, while the other girls followed.

Lucia descended half way down the stairs, and flashed the light about until it reached one of the windows under the veranda. A man with a coat pulled up over his ears had just entered the room, while another form was just entering the window, his cap down, and his coat up.

"Who the dickens is here? Is that you, mother?" exclaimed the man who had entered the room, in surprise.

"No, this isn't your mother. You've got into the wrong house, and you'd better get out as quick as you can, or I'll arouse the family."

"Who are you, anyway?" asked the voice.

"It makes no difference who I am. If you don't get out, I'll arouse my father. He's deaf, but this noise will wake him. If he comes, he'll shoot."

"Wait a minute," said the voice. "There's some mistake. Isn't this the Chase cottage?"

"Yes, this is the Chase cottage,

but we are hiring it, and it's ours while we're here."

"How long since?" asked the man.

"Since yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock."

"Then I beg your pardon," said the voice, humbly. "I am Harvey Chase. My friend and I were driving home from Allston. We started this afternoon. The rain made the road through the woods so dark we had a hard time trying to find our way and decided to make for here. We left our car in the garage and walked down. I hadn't a key, and we tried to find a window unlocked. I'm sorry if we frightened you."

"It's too bad to put a man out of his own house," exclaimed Lucia, with sympathy.

"Not at all," responded Halsey.

"We'll go to the hotel."

"If grandma only had another room," exclaimed Molly.

"I don't know whether you will remember me or not" (she spoke to Halsey), "but I used to know you when you came here oftener. I am Molly Gilbert, Mrs. Russell's granddaughter. Grandma invited us to spend the fortnight with her, but her house was crowded with unexpected guests when we got here, so Uncle Fred hired this cottage for us, and I'm ever so sorry it has made it inconvenient for you."

"Not a bit," responded Halsey.

"We're leaving tomorrow, if that will do you any good," added Molly. "Grandma's guests go then."

Lucia's light, which had been focussed on the figures in the room, wavered, and fell upon the pile of trinkets on the table, her purse with the ten dollar bill, Ruth's wrist watch, the coral beads, and, by itself, clear and conspicuous, the little Beta pin.

LUCIA began to laugh, nervously at first, the strain over, then heartily.

"We were expecting visitors tonight. Do you see the pile of booty we had laid out for them, so they wouldn't disturb us?"

A pause followed in which Halsey seemed to sense the situation, for his laugh soon joined Lucia's.

"You can laugh if you want," said Molly seriously, "but it might have been real. If you don't mind, Mr. Chase, I wish you'd go down to grandma's before you go to the hotel, and tell Uncle Fred to come and spend the night with us, rain or shine. While you're gone, I'd like the other man to stay."

(Continued on page 37)

A STUDY IN CLOTHES

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch

BEING on pins and needles" is a trite metaphor, yet none other so exactly expresses the condition of the whole sophomore class of Natick College that Saturday afternoon in November.

"But are you sure it is today?" Glen Brigden asked for the eleventh time.

"Thelma Underwood told me," replied Gladys Hammon. "Some freshman told her by mistake, and she ran over to see me about it."

"Do all our girls know it?"

Gladys nodded. "I think so. Margaret went out to tell the Bunch. We ought to be able to get somebody into the auditorium to spy on them."

"We certainly ought to. That's the only way we can ever find out whom they elect for class officers this afternoon. Can't you fix it up somehow?"

"You bet I'm going to try. If it's possible, we'll find out. But I wish Margaret would hurry back. Together we could work out something."

Rachel Loveland rushed into the Twins' room. As their best friend, she had the privilege of entrance whenever she wanted. "Oh, Gladys! D'ye know the freshmen are holding their class meeting at the auditorium right after lunch?"

"Yes, Lovey. We've been holding a council of war ever since third hour class to find some way to get in. We've been trying to think of some sophomore that they didn't know, and run her in, but there are too many objections to that plan."

"If you go under the floor in the cellar you ought to be able to hear through the ventilators."

"Or in the attic, and look down through the light fixtures in the ceiling. That's where I think I'll go," volunteered Gladys.

"Why doesn't somebody lie down between the seats in the balcony?" Glen suggested.

"That's possible," Gladys and Lovey agreed. "You do that. We'll all have to use our ingenuity to get at least one girl inside. What a pity Margaret doesn't hurry back!"

They thought it still more a pity when lunch time came and went

without her. They discussed the approaching class meeting during the whole meal. Stone House was a sophomore dormitory, and none but the second year girls ate there. Nearly all of them had one or more ideas for spying out the results of the election. And all were eager to test out their plans.

IT was imperative to make the discovery, because the success of the freshman banquet, which followed soon after the elections, depended on the number of class officers which attended. If the sophomores could kidnap the officers, then the victory in that contest was theirs. All of them remembered how, the year before, their rival class had succeeded in capturing all the first year officers, except the Hammon Twin who was a Class Marshal. And this year they meant to take dire revenge by keeping every freshman officer from the banquet. So it was necessary to learn the names of those elected and the date of the banquet.

But the freshmen, warned by the friendly juniors, were on the lookout. They were not to be caught napping. After the class had assembled in the auditorium, they locked all but one entrance, set a guard over that, and then proceeded to search for sophomores.

Three or four second year girls, hidden between the seats in the balcony, were quickly discovered and made to pass between rows of jeering freshmen to the door. Then a picked group of first year girls explored the cellar. Five more members of their rival class were escorted to the entrance. It was no half-hearted examination which the freshmen made. Every crevice and corner that could possibly conceal a girl was probed. They even looked in the furnaces and among the ashes and in the coal bins. And when they went upstairs to start their meeting, they were certain that no spies remained beneath them to learn their secrets, and that all the cellar doors and windows were so securely fastened that none could get in later.

For some reason, however, they

never thought of looking in the attic, that upper story which ran completely across the ceiling of the auditorium. They had even opened nominations for freshman president when one girl, sitting directly below a light grill, looked down and discovered a piece of plaster in her lap. Lifting her head, she saw the opening in the ceiling above her. A slow smile spread over her face. She jumped up.

"I move, Madam Chairman, that the meeting be temporarily adjourned," she called out "I believe we have some visitors overhead."

The others understood immediately what she meant, and a number of them rushed for the stairs. They were met at the top by three crest-fallen sophomores. Lovey walked ahead. "Well, I guess our game is up," she wailed. "How did you ever guess that we were up there?"

With the seven freshmen that confronted them, there was nothing to do but take their medicine and leave. A struggle would have been futile. So, too, would have been any effort to break up the class meeting by a sophomore attack. That would have been against college rulings, too. So the three sophomores had to make the best of it. They spread out, trying unobtrusively to push the freshmen back. But the first year girls saw through their game.

"I guess we'd better take a look around," decided two of them, forcing their way past the sophomores. "You people are too willing. The rest of you freshmen can see that they get outside. And someone had better look around the balcony again to see whether any slipped down from up there."

There was little light anywhere under the vaulted roof, but as soon as their eyes got accustomed to the darkness, the freshmen, reinforced by others that had come up to help them, picked their way cautiously over the boards that spanned the rafters. They searched every inch, kicking in every shadow, but they found no lurking sophomore.

Retracing their steps, they were just about to go downstairs when one of them spied a door in the wall.

There was no sign of a lock on it, but it refused to open to their efforts. Finally, when several of them threw their weight against it, the door yielded slightly. Encouraged, they tried again, and fell headlong as the door gave way suddenly, and flew open. They peered in. There, shielded as much as possible behind the door, stood Gladys Hammon, trying to shrink out of sight.

With shouts of triumph the girls haled her forth and took her down after her classmates. Now at last they could breathe easier. They were sure that not a sophomore was left in the building. However, for fear that some might be listening at the windows, they gathered in the front center of the auditorium and spoke in undertones. In such secrecy they held their elections that they made the tellers carry the votes to the organ bench on the platform, where all the girls could watch them and guard them against surprise. And instead of announcing the results of the ballots, they wrote them down with chalk on cardboard and passed them down the aisles. They were taking no chances on having their officers discovered.

After the elections were over, one of the girls warned them all about talking with anyone of the results of the voting, assuring them that the sophomores would be capable of any trickery to worm from them the names of the officers. Then she announced that the banquet was being prepared, and that announcement would be made to them in plenty of time for them to get ready. After one final warning, the meeting broke up and the freshmen with superior smiles and knowing glances at each other went out from the auditorium, grinning tantalizingly at such sophomores as they passed, sure that none of them possessed the secret that they meant to guard with their lives.

Half an hour later the Bunch, sitting in the Hammon Twins' room and discussing the strange disappearance of Margaret, were startled by a face that peeped around the



Some one knocked off the soft felt hat, and there was no doubt of her identity.

door at them. So dirty and grease-streaked was it that they scarcely recognized the missing Twin. Her clothes, as well, were grimy. Those cobwebs, which did not drape her hair, were hanging to her sleeves and back. Her hands were as black as her face.

"Where *have* you been?" exploded her sister.

"Finding out about the freshman elections."

"So were we, but they chased us out and we didn't learn anything."

"Because you began too late. I started at 11 o'clock and found out all the details."

"Are you sure?"

"The people who counted the votes told me. I don't know any-

body that would know more about it."

"How did you do it?" cried Lovey, who could wait no longer.

"Where were you?"

Margaret Hammon held out her grease-smear hands. "Couldn't you guess? No, I suppose not, for I never would have thought that the place where the beautiful music came from could be so dirty. I was in the sound box or the air chest, or whatever you call it, of the organ. I got inside when there was no one in the auditorium, and after poking my way through enough dirt to start a truck farm, I found this place just like a little room with a shutter in front to give it air. When I pushed that open, I could hear just

as easily, though I couldn't see. And to help me further, the tellers brought their votes and stood directly under me to count them. See, here is the list of officers." [She drew out a stained piece of paper, evidently a page torn from a hymn-book. The names were written on it with some sticky substance.]

"Dust mixed with oil makes a good ink," she laughed, "especially when you use a splinter of wood for a pen. But you can read the names and that's all that matters. Maybe we'd better not tell the rest of our class yet. We don't want the freshmen to know that we know."

The others agreed.

"Now, will some one of you start the water for a bath, and somebody else get me something to eat? I'm famished. As for the dirt, I'll have to soak a week before I get clean again."

"But you found out the officers," said Flo, starting to carry out Margaret's request, "and there's nothing left but to find when the banquet comes."

"Well, that's somebody else's job," called Margaret from the bedroom.

But if someone else took her job seriously, there was little evidence of it during the week that followed. Finally, the following Friday, the Twins could stand it no longer. "I'll bet they're going to hold their banquet tomorrow," Margaret burst out.

"But how are we going to find out?" Lovey complained. "I've hinted and listened all I could."

"Why not try telephoning, the way we did last year?" Gladys suggested. "I'll do it now. I hadn't thought of it before." With that, she ran off.

When Gladys returned, they saw her lack of success pictured in her face. "Those freshmen this year are too quick," she complained. "I tried twice, just as we did last year, and they didn't bite at all."

"Maybe that kind of bait is old or out of season, or else you didn't strike the easy mark we had the other time," commented her sister.

"Well, you try, then, if you think you can," challenged Gladys.

Three minutes later she came back chuckling. "I was right. I asked the freshman treasurer to ride in the car with me, so that she could be safe as far as the banquet is concerned. She will be! She confessed she was worrying about it, so I promised to call early for her.

Glen, we'll have to use your car. You don't mind, I hope."

"Anything that'll put those freshmen in their places is all right to me," Glen Brigden promptly volunteered. "Just tell me what you want done."

The Hammon Twin thought for a minute. "I didn't dare ask her what time the banquet came," Margaret said finally. But we'd better get started early to prevent any of them from beating us by cutting their

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GIRL SCOUT WEEK October 21 to 28

to make it a success. Reports received not later than November 10th will be published in our big Thanksgiving number.

morning classes and going to Boston. What do you say if we get up about 6 and ask a few of the girls here at Stone to help us? The more we tell, the more danger of its becoming known to the freshmen. A few of us can handle it well enough."

"Yes; we'll not need many," Glen agreed. "Both the freshmen marshals live at Pomeroy."

"So does the secretary," added Flo.

"And the vice-president lives at the other freshman house where I just called the treasurer."

"Where does the freshman president live?" Lovey inquired.

"Yes, where does Charlotte Ward live?" Glen echoed.

It was Gladys who answered, "She'll be the hard one to get. She rooms in a private house in the village. We can't go in and get her the way we can at the dormitories. We'll simply have to wait around until she comes out, and then capture her."

"What does she look like?" asked Flo. "I've never seen her."

The rest of the sophomores looked at each other. That was an idea which had not occurred to them before. "Neither have I," said one.

"Well, she's rooming at Professor Winthrop's," Gladys told them. "His wife is the only other girl in the house, so all we'll need to do is to go and wait for Charlotte."

"But, if she sees us, she'll telephone for help," pointed out Lovey, practically.

Margaret skipped out, reappearing in an instant with the telephone directory. "I just want to make sure. Didn't I try to get him for you once, Lovey, and find he didn't have a telephone? Yes; that's what I thought. We're in luck."

The bell for study hour rang then and the girls scattered to their own rooms.

Alarm clocks, clamoring at 5:30 the next morning, sounded the tocsin to call the sophomore warriors to battle. Sleepy-eyed, they gathered in the hall shivering in the chill November air. Two or three of them, under Lovey's charge, went after the officers in Pomeroy cottage, and the rest with Glen and Gladys, sought the other freshmen officers.

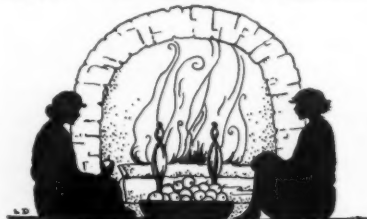
They had no trouble in gathering up their prisoners. Most of the freshmen were too surprised or too frightened to make any resistance. All of them were brought safely in one way or another and loaded into Glen's waiting auto. She had her instructions. She knew of a lonely and desolate barn in the country, from which she was sure there would be no escape. Besides, the sophomores would see that enough of their class remained on guard to prevent any jail delivery. Gladys went along with the sophomores who clung to the running boards and prevented the freshmen from making an outcry to attract their classmates.

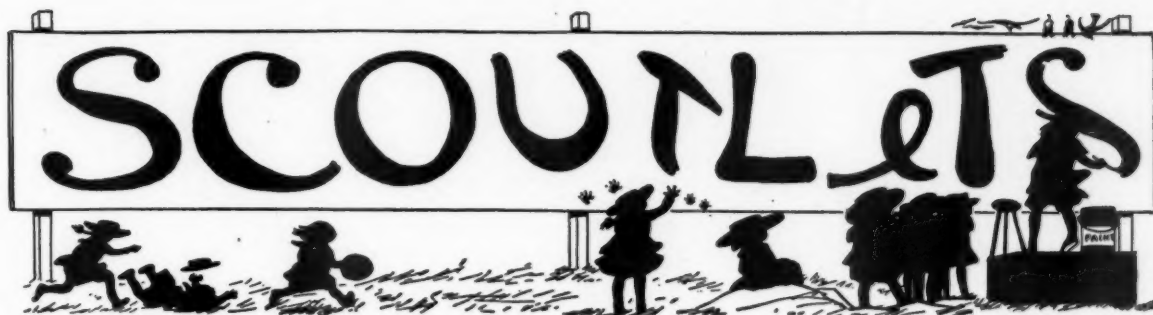
Margaret, after she had seen the others drive off, went toward the village to find Lovey, who had gone after the president. She was glad she had put on her sweater—that big white sweater with its blue "N" that she had won in track the year before—because the November weather was cold and bracing and she expected to have to wait some time.

There was no excitement to warm her, either, she found as she reached the house which Lovey and two other sophomores were patrolling. By this time it was almost 7.

"Probably Glen won't be back for at least an hour," said Margaret, "so there's no need to hurry our friend Charlotte Ward. If she comes out

(Continued on page 32)





"As a Trout is to a Troutlet—so a Scout is to a Scoutlet"

FLORETTE had a funny little snub nose that never gave her any trouble at all until her cousin Phyllis came to visit her.

Now, Phyllis' nose was long and straight, and everybody considered it beautiful.

"I want a straight nose!" cried Florette, and she caught hold of her own little snub, and pulled it hard. But the minute she let go, back it went into place.

"Well, if I could be jolly and funny like you, I wouldn't care whether I had a nose or not," said Phyllis. "Come on, let's take our dolls for a walk."

But all the time they were out, Florette was thinking hard about her nose. Indeed, she thought so hard that she ran the dolls' carriage into a lamp-post.

"Look out!" cried Phyllis. "There! You nearly upset Annabel!"

"If my nose had been straight, it never would have happened," complained Florette, and she settled Annabel back in place rather hard.

By the time they got back home, she had thought out a nice little plan, and went directly to the kitchen.

"Please, Hannah, may I have a clothespin?"

Hannah brought out the desired article, and Florette hurried away to the playroom. She gazed into the mirror in the dolls' dresser at her offending nose. Then, pulling it down, she stuck the clothespin in place.

It was rather funny at first to see that clothespin stuck up there on her nose, and all the family laughed. But it wasn't any laughing matter to Florette. It pinched, and she found trouble in breathing. But surely by tomorrow—!

A Changeable Nose

By

Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer

Visions of a beautiful, straight nose, more beautiful and even straighter than Phyllis', made her determined to wear the clothespin.

She lay very quietly in bed that night, and refused to play all the good-night games. Phyllis pleaded in vain, and finally turned toward the wall and went to sleep.

The first thing upon awaking in the morning, Florette sprang out of bed, and rushed over to the mirror. In her excitement she knocked over a toilet bottle and sent the comb and brush flying. But the clothespin had stuck.

Off it came with a little jerk. And there was that funny little snub nose just like it had always been! Only it was funnier, for now it had two little ridges on the sides.

Tears of dismay sprang to Florette's eyes, but she stamped her bare feet and declared she just *would* have a straight nose! She was cross all day, and spent most of the time sitting in the warm sunshine out in the garden.

"You had better put on a hat," warned Hannah.

But Florette paid no attention. "I want a straight nose," she wailed to herself.

Dear me! Everybody began to wish that a miracle would happen, and Florette's nose would become straight. It didn't seem possible that one little girl could be so cross and disagreeable.

"My nose hurts," cried Florette to her mother that afternoon. "Oh, do you suppose it is changing?"

"It certainly is changing in color," said her mother, laughing.

Florette ran to the mirror again. Yes, it was true. The little snub was a brilliant red!

"Oh, oh! I don't want a red nose!" cried Florette. "Besides, it hurts."

"I will put some cold cream on it, dear. It is badly sunburned," said mother.

So that night, instead of a clothespin, Florette went to bed with her nose smeared with sweet-smelling cream.

The Good Fairy must have been around, for the next morning when Florette woke up, she thought:

"It's silly to want to change the shape of my nose, I guess. I've been cross and horrid, and made Phyllis unhappy, too. If I can't have a straight nose, maybe I can have a pink one. And if I'm good and mind my p's and q's, I guess a nose doesn't matter."

She jumped out of bed, and peered into the mirror.

"Oh, Phyllis, wake up quick," she cried, hopping up and down on her toes for joy. "Look, just look at my nose! It isn't white, and it isn't red, but it is a lovely brown!"

Phyllis hurried to her side, and examined the nose carefully. "I—I love it that color!" she exclaimed joyfully.

Florette giggled excitedly. "Come on, now, let's get back in bed and play games," she said.

THE END.



THE PRACTICAL SCOUT INDOORS AND OUT



Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs

Thanks Turns

Really, isn't the good turn daily just like any other exercise? It comes quite hard at first, followed by a very virtuous glow all out of proportion to the amount of the effort. And the hardness and the glow decrease daily, until the scout in good training at turns begins to suspect, so slight is the daily feeling of "nobleness," that perhaps after all she is hardly keeping up with the people who do things. And perhaps she begins to wish that she could—not so much do a good turn—as give a good return. For this feeling helps her to try to pay back—to give back—definitely for each kindness or help she receives, something that will be a kindness or a help, until "thanks turns" become a habit.

And since perhaps the greatest kindness to a scout and the one she likes best—is to teach her something, it is very easy for her to apply this new knowledge in giving thanks. (Do you remember how particularly and beautifully Mowgli was trained to give thanks to all the People of the Jungle?) For instance, supposing mother teaches you how to use her sewing machine, and you notice that she has to hunt her pins, and at the end of the lesson the floor is covered with thread-ends and "scraps," that you probably helped scatter yourself? A good way to thank her would be to make a little pincushion with a tape loop to it to hang on a knob of the machine drawer, or to slip on her belt or over a button when she is pinning up your hems. And you might make a little waste-bag, with whalebones run through the top hem, and buttons along the opening at the bottom, so that it can easily be emptied, and tack it along the end of the sewing machine so that mother can sweep all the scraps into it with one gesture. Or if she shows you the quickest and best



way to wash and to hang the clothes on the line, perhaps you will notice that she needs a clothespin bag to

tie around her waist, or a nice clean box to set her tray or clothes basket on so that she need not stoop; or perhaps, her line needs tightening, or an extra support is needed which you can easily make for her out of a forked sapling. If she turns over the kitchen to you for experimenting—of course, you will leave it beautifully clean—you will notice, while you are there (this game takes a good deal of noticing!) just where a cup hook or a nail would be handy to hold the dish mop by the sink or the lid-lifter beside the stove. Though you had better ask mother before you put them in! If she teaches you to cook you might typewrite or paste in her book all the cut out recipes she is sure to have collected. And while you are doing these things you will find out a secret that I can not resist telling you in advance: that the more you save mother by your scout short cuts and practical devices that she has not had time to think of or attend to for herself, the more time she will have to show you what a good scout she is.

Not that you need to save your thanks turns for mother alone—if you borrow brother's tools, and you'll never do this without asking him first—you can collect all the odds and ends of hardware about the house for his tool bench. Remember to pick up any particularly nice bit of board you pass upon your walks, and sort his nails and screws into separate boxes for him; or you can wrap the ends of his ropes and his shoe laces.

If daddy spends his vacation teaching you to shoot and fish, you might learn exactly how his kit should be cared for in winter, and make it your business to see that the little boys do not take his fishing lines when they are looking for a bit of twine, and that the moths do not get into his woodsman's socks or his old hunting jacket.

If sister remembers her Red Cross training and shows you how to make that mysterious hospital bed, you think of making her a handy little First-Aid bag, marked with a Red Cross, stocked with adhesive tape and salve and bandages and

iodine, that she can seize and rush to the cuts and bruises and burns that happen in the best Red-Crossed family.

Then—oh dear, this is a dreadfully busy game—you will soon begin to notice that so many people are kind to you outside your family. No sooner have you taken a bunch of flowers to the librarian, who so thoughtfully gets together Scout books for you, than you find someone else has arranged a park or a pageant or a playground for your benefit, and if you are still a small scout, I do not know what you are going to do about this last kindness, but you will probably find that if you get in good practice at thanks turns, from your first tenderfoot days, that when you grow up you can completely thank your family with one hand, and return good turns to all the world with the other,

Moonlight Photographs

It takes only some experimenting and some courage to get a really good moonlight picture. I took one of a moonlit lake in the Sierras at 8 o'clock at night, with a vest pocket kodak, perched by its tiny leg on a stump, levelled straight at the rising moon, and exposed for ten minutes. There was a camp fire behind the kodak. All the photographer did was to watch the time, and see that nobody crossed in front of the lens. Naturally enough, the film showed an oblong moon, like a vertical sausage balloon, since the moon is a very unobliging subject about keeping still. But a resourceful developer painted a tiny orange spot on the film for the second print he made, and the effect is that same enchanting blur of light that the real moon shows when you look into it. Such a picture enlarged seems more than any daylight picture to bring you the very whiff of the pines, and keep for you the hour which, of all your camp hours, you love the best.

DARE McMULLIN



SCOUT RIPPLES

By The Water Scout, Commodore W. E. Longfellow

Life Saving Corps, Red Cross



Indoor Swimming Programs

When the Romans wanted to explain how completely ignorant and untrained a person was, they said: "He neither knows how to read or swim." There may come a time in the near future when Americans may be using the same terms to speak of people with handicaps that limit their usefulness.

Almost everyone who went to camp had a chance to learn to swim, and a very large number learned life-saving as well. But there were a few who had to be coaxed into the water and who shirked the lessons. For those who like swimming, such an attitude is hard to understand.

Local directors can do a fine piece of work this winter by establishing a special "weak squad" of those who are afraid of the water. The teacher must be one who knows how to overcome fear and explain the causes of it. The co-operation of the parents should be sought. In many cases the Scout will do better work, however, if the fond mother is not on the side lines to sympathize and say, "She is just like me. I have always had a terrible fear of the water." That mother has kept the fear, and kept it alive, but it can be overcome (if she is not present) under the proper instruction. Patience is necessary, and women teachers are often more patient than men, with beginners. There are notable exceptions and, in some cases, a man teacher who is firm and commanding, can get results with them where the women have failed. In order to gain the confidence of the pupil, the instructor should go into the water with the class for the first two or three lessons; that is, until the pupils are getting their feet up and their heads down so they are resting on the surface of the water. After that, it is better for the teacher to coach from the bank or side of the pool.

Good Ship Apple Dumpling

One of the camps, which used the paddle boats after my visit, had an encounter with a neighbor on the lake, and the leader promptly made a song about it, which they sang to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Here is the tale in song:

*We were a happy July crew,
Paddling at Bonnie Brae;
We thought we had a war canoe,
With none to say us nay.*

*Until a neighbor came along,
We saw his eyebrows rumpling;
Said he, "Your boat appears to me
Like the good ship 'Apple Dump-
ling.'"*

*Our big plump boat may not look
gay,
Not like a slim canoe;
But we'd paddle away at Bonnie
Brae,
If 'twas in a wooden shoe.*

*For we're a happy, jolly crew,
Give way together—do.
Up paddles in a brave salute,
In our dumpling-like canoe.*

From then on the big, brown, flat-bottomed skiff was called "The Good Ship Apple Dumpling."

To Be World Beaters

Not every girl can be a champion swimmer, and many of those who can are not willing to pay the price. Those who win championships have put in long hours of practice. I read the story of a champion diver the other day, and found that she had worked five or six hours a day in the water when she was learning her dives and perfecting them. Distance swimmers have to swim for hours at a time without rest, except floating, to develop endurance. Sprint swimmers have to practice faithfully and quit other sports that might interfere and overdevelop certain groups of muscles. One coach makes every candidate swim a quarter mile with the crawl kick alone as a preparation for speed racing. Another re-

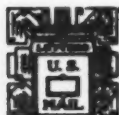
quires all swimmers in his team to stop playing tennis, basketball and other games that might result in sprains or strains or interfere with participation

in meets. It requires concentration, early to bed and a sensible diet. Besides practicing in the water, a speed swimmer I know swims a half hour daily at home in the bedroom to get the muscular habits needed. It takes lots of hard work. World beaters are not made over night. When a 15-year-old girl wins races and breaks a whole flock of world records, you can be pretty sure she has had to work hard, practice faithfully and eat and sleep sanely. The human mechanism requires it. Swimming uses up a lot of energy. The other day a woman swam more than 30 miles in the English Channel, in cold water, keeping at it for 12 hours and 35 minutes. That tells of long preliminary practice. But if one is desirous of excelling at swimming, first get a proper stroke—long and easy, with rhythmic breathing. Learn all the different ones until your requirements are fitted, and develop your best. Learn to swim a mile. Everyone should be able to do a mile, leisurely, without being over-fatigued at the finish.



Master Swimmers' Test

At Nicholas Senn Hospital, in Omaha, there is a swimming pool in which the nurses in training are given coaching in swimming and life-saving. Recently, nine of them passed the test as Master Swimmers. This test includes the following requirements: Swim a mile by the crawl stroke; quarter mile by the side stroke; quarter mile by the breast stroke; quarter mile back stroke; 100-yard swim, carrying flag out of water with one hand; firemen's carry on land; and the entrant must make 900 points out of a possible 1,500, and 400 according to the diving schedule.



SCRIBES' CORNER == HOME NEWS



Jersey City Girl Scouts love Old Glory!

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Scouting is now several years old in St. Johnsbury. We have three troops; in all, counting officers, there are more than eighty girls.

During the school year our meetings are held weekly, troop by troop, at the Woman's Club House, an old-fashioned, wide-posted residence, now used mainly as a gathering place for girls' clubs. There we can dance and make candy and set table, and cook and make beds and do all the other parts of our tests that need housekeeping tools, and there we have jolly parties in cold or wet weather.

In summer, we tramp two miles

on a hot, dusty road along a clear, cool stream, to a natural swimming pool and picnic place above some foaming white falls. In the autumn, we have corn roasts. In winter, we ski and snowshoe and toboggan and skate and coast, and even go on winter picnics, sometimes building a fire on a snowy field, protecting it from the winter winds by heaped-up walls of snow. In the spring, we tramp off toward the sugar places, over muddy roads and damp fields, where here and there lie forgotten snowdrifts in the hollows of the hills. White steam rising from the sugar houses reminds us of the delicious maple syrup and sugar that is being made within. We drink sap

from the buckets at the maple trees, peer into the steamy evaporators, and sample the sugar at all stages from thin syrup to wax, and "stir off" saucers of hot syrup into sugar with the little wooden paddles, fresh-whittled by us or by some obliging hired man. Maple sugar tastes all the more delicious when eaten with a paddle.

But the best part of our year comes in early summer, for all through the fall, winter and spring, we look forward to camp. Our state of Vermont is full of beautiful little lakes and ponds, and each year, as soon as school is over, the troops go off to camp on one or another of them. This year we went to Lake Morey, last year to Lake Willoughby; the year before that, Troop 1 went to Willoughby and Troop 2 to Joe's Pond; and the year before that, Troop 1 went to Shadow Lake.

This year we had a very rainy camping season, but what does rain matter to a Girl Scout troop out for a good time? We worked on tests and Merit Badges, took rainy day hikes, and went in swimming in spite of the weather.

Now you know about our scout year. All these jolly things we *could* do if we were not scouts, but because we *are* scouts, we do them as a regular thing, and because we are scouts our fathers and mothers let us go often, for they know our good times are carefully planned and carefully carried out.

D. C. W., Captain.



"Pack up your dinner in your brown knapsack and hike, hike, hike!"

SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The account given below was written for us by Mrs. J. J. Storrow, our First Vice-President. We feel sure that every Girl Scout will be glad to read about Foxlease House and the splendid work their sisters are doing in England.

Foxlease House

A wonderful present has been given to our sisters, the Girl Guides of England. It is nothing less than a large house with many acres of lawns, gardens, fields and woodland. The estate is important enough to appear on the road map, where it is printed in clear letters: "Foxlease House, in the village of Lyndhurst."

There is the headquarters of training and camping for the Guides and Girl Guides situated in the middle of the "New Forest" (that great tract which has been a forest for over eight hundred years, ever since William Rufus drove out the inhabitants to make a royal hunting ground for his own pleasure).

The house accommodates thirty people comfortably, with living rooms, dining room, two large loggias, an office down stairs, and bedrooms, some with four beds, some three or two, and several cosy single rooms, a study, and *nine bathrooms* upstairs.

Near the house is the so-called "barn," a long, low building with a thatched roof, which contains one great room, thirty by sixty feet, a perfect place for indoor meetings, with a huge fire place taking up the whole of one end, just meant for camp fires on cold or rainy evenings.

There are flower and vegetable gardens, the loveliest rose garden imaginable, and fruit trees of all kinds. There are sheds and unused stables of assorted shapes and sizes, which will allow indefinite expansion when they are needed. The woods of beech, pine, oak and holly are lovely and there is room enough for two groups of campers at a time, with water laid on, and drainage all arranged, and plenty of firewood. Then, beyond, through the gate, is a great forest, where, if anywhere there must be fairies hiding among the bracken, or dancing in the glades. There the Guides can trail, and track, and hunt treasures, and play flag raiding, and all kinds of scout games, and spend the day, making their fires to cook their luncheon.



A picture of Foxlease House.

Really, if the Chief had shut her eyes and wished for the most perfect place for Guide training and camping, she could only have asked for Foxlease!

The Guides wondered at first if they could afford to accept it. How could it be furnished and run? They need not have worried, for different counties and cities have tumbled over each other to help. Scotland is furnishing one drawing-room, the London Council another. South Africa has a large bedroom with a balcony which is to be called "The Stoep." Lancashire's room has red roses on the curtains and rugs, and Wales's room is green, and so it goes.

And is America represented? Well, I should say so! In the first place, the whole estate was given by Mrs. Saunderson, an American and a friend of the Guides. Then, Senator Clark, who gave us Camp Andree, has furnished one of the loggias. Massachusetts has a pleasant little single bedroom with a moss-green rug, chintz curtains, a desk, a sofa and a lovely patchwork quilt, the latter a gift from our own dear Founder, Mrs. Low. And this is not all. There are three cottages on the place, and one of them has been spoken for, to be fitted up by America and to be called the "Overseas Cottage." This is to be used for visitors who do not attend a training week, but who want to see Foxlease. The cost of fitting up this cottage will be about £150, and

this amount has been guaranteed by one of our scouts with the hope that others may like to contribute to give us all a feeling of ownership, a *pied-a-terre*, in this home of our English sisters. Mrs. Low has selected the curtains, wall papers, and rugs. There are three small bedrooms, a little sitting room, a kitchen and a bathroom. The painting and papering are finished, the furniture bought, and the bath installed. It must be ready by now for the first visitors. Anyone who wishes to do so, may send contributions to Mrs. J. J. Storrow, Lincoln, Mass.

Foxlease opened July 1st, with a training week. The second week was for the delegates who had attended the International Conference of Girl Guides at which twenty-eight countries were represented. Twenty-four of these delegates motored down from London, in a great *char-a-banc*, among them our Mrs. Stieren and her two daughters, and representatives from Poland, Denmark, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Latvia (do you know where Latvia is?), Rhodesia, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand; and others besides.

The camps opened later in August, and will follow each other as long as the weather permits.

The house will be used for training weeks and conferences all the year round, and already dates are filled well into the winter.

(Continued on page 27)

Washington, D. C.

The Board of Education has been kind enough to make a definite arrangement with us in connection with our Proficiency Badges: provided both the teacher and the principal in the school sign a certificate to the effect that a Scout has taken a course in Cooking, under their direction, and in doing so has met the requirements for the Cooking Badge, as outlined in "Scouting for Girls." The badge is awarded without further examination.

This applies to all of the Proficiency Badges. We have felt that we ought to accept the public school standard of approval on this. This also applies to a number of private schools as well. By doing this, we find that it does away with many duplications of the work done in Scouting and in the school.

This method stimulates the children to work harder in certain studies, and in this way helps both our Organization and the Board of Education. We arrange classes on the outside for badges for which the Scouts get no instruction in school.

RUTH WHITE, *Director.*

Fort Washington, Pa.

After I came to Whitemarsh to teach, nine or ten girls from my class joined the troop, and for many weeks we held our meetings in the schoolhouse. For a time we had charge of raising and lowering the schoolhouse flag, and our Troop's American flag was carried by some Scout for morning Pledge of Allegiance or patriotic exercises.

Last year, the Scouts took full charge of preparing and serving the hot lunches, clearing up afterward, ordering supplies and keeping the books. They also belonged to committees in charge of the dusting, etc., as their "daily good turn." "On a Scout's honor" was more than a trite phrase with us—it had a very real meaning to the girls, whether Scouts or not. Both the principal and myself felt that we could count on the Girl Scouts.

When we were raising money to go to camp, our sale of candy was carried on almost entirely in the schoolrooms during the free time.

C. FRANCES WHITNEY, *Capt.*

Tacoma, Wash.

Not long ago if you passed by the Lowell School in Tacoma, Wash., in the evening you would be surprised to see a light in the building—the janitor probably cleaning up the lunch room. At one time some

boys were asked to clean it, but very often they would forget it.

But now the Girl Scouts of Troop 8 are putting into practice their third law and their slogan. It has been arranged to have each patrol clean up the lunch room in the Lowell School twice a week—wiping off the tables and benches and putting them in their proper places and sweeping the floor. With eight or more girls on the job, it does not take them long to have the lunchroom fairly beaming with cleanliness.

MARY BENTEL.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

At present, there are Scout troops in thirteen Pittsburgh Public Schools and in thirty-one Allegheny County Schools; that is, the small town, borough and rural schools outside the city proper. There are also Scout troops in two Private and two Parochial Schools, making a total of forty-eight troops directly connected with schools.

Churches claim forty-six of our troops and Community Centers and Settlements come next with nineteen, the balance being scattered among playgrounds, libraries, municipal buildings, Y. W. C. A.'s and homes. By this record, you can see that schools are well represented. These troops do not necessarily have teachers as leaders, though, of course, many of them do, and teachers are leaders of some of the church and Community Center groups. We have had splendid co-operation from both City and County School authorities, though we have never made any effort to embody Scouting as part of the school life or curriculum.

Perhaps the most interesting bit of service the Scouts here do in connection with the schools is their work at the Allegheny County Teachers' Institute, which is held in Pittsburgh every fall for about 2000 men and women teachers in the County Schools. This Institute lasts a week, with two sessions a day for five days. Girl Scouts have ushered during this week, for four years. Six or eight Scouts are on duty each morning and afternoon session. They have their Girl Scout information table in one of the corridors of Memorial Hall and are "on call" for all sorts of odd jobs—ushering, distributing literature, filing registration cards, taking messages to the platform, running errands, etc., etc.

A letter written to us by Super-

SCOUTING

EDUCATIONAL WORKER

Read the Article

intendent Hamilton of the Allegheny County Schools after a recent Institute shows how our work is appreciated. An excerpt is given below.

"On behalf of the County Office, let me thank you and your Scouts for the help they so well rendered at our Institute this week. The girls played their part on the highest level of Scout ideals. Our principals and teachers appreciated the admirable spirit and cheerful service.

"As the Executive in charge of this admirable phase of every girl's education in Allegheny County, I wish you continued success. May you reach out into all our schools."

LAURA P. HOLLAND, *Director.*

San Diego, Calif.

Scouting in San Diego is in very close touch with school activities, and co-operation between principals and Scout leaders is increasing very satisfactorily. The Golden Rod Troop in the Washington school, and the Owaissia Troop in the Florence school, are great factors in the school system. In these two troops the Scouts are on the honor roll, and are called on first for all work of a "community spirit" nature. The Golden Rod Troop has been working toward a Medal of Merit in school work for each Scout. Also, the Scouts have been working with the P. T. A. in the school events, ushering at the school movies, and filling in on programs.

BARBARA B. McMILLAN,
Director.

Rochester, N. Y.

Columbia School, a large private school through their Student Association, voted to give \$176.50 to our Girl Scout Scholarship Fund. This was part of the money earned at the annual fair given by the school. All the girls in the school are by no means scouts but the few that are must have made Scouting felt, inasmuch as the whole student body Scouts.

ALICE LITTLE, *Director.*

GIRL SCHOOLS

UNBELIEVE IN GIRL SCOUTS

Articles on Pages Below

The School and Scouting in Donora, Pa.

Donora, Pa., is an industrial town of 15,000, where the school authorities and the Girl Scout Council co-operate in every way to meet the needs of the small-town girl in her leisure hours.

The following are some of the lines along which this co-operation has been developed in the past year:

Girl Scout Headquarters is a large, attractive room in the most central school building, and is open in the evenings for study, reading and recreational activities.

The gymnasium in the high school building is given over to the Scouts Friday night of each week. Here inter-troop games are played.

The Local Director in the term of 1921-1922 gave one day each week to teaching physical training to the girls from the fourth grade up through the High School. The periods were very short, but they served to give the Local Director a point of contact with the girls of Scout age in the public school.

The Chairman of the Court of Awards is the Superintendent of the Public Schools. He secures examiners from the list in his faculty and other competent people in the community. He outlines their work in such a way that it is kept to a high standard. When he observes real leadership in a teacher, he suggests her as a possible leader for Scout work, believing that Scouting broadens a teacher's interest and gives her a keener understanding of the "teen age girl."

VIOLA COX.

Albany, N. Y.

In Albany, very few Girl Scout Troops meet in schools. None of these is definitely connected with the school, but credit is given for the scholastic standing of the Scouts, not only by awarding the Merit Badge for high rating, but also by giving points in an Inter-Troop Contest throughout the county. Each Scout who obtains an average of over 80 or 90% a month is cred-

ited with a corresponding number of points for her patrol.

Aside from this connection, Albany is very proud of the number of Scouts who have had the unusual high scholastic standing of over 90%, and so have been entitled to the Scholarship Badge. Of course, a number of deserving Scouts have not applied, but in three years' record sixty-two girls have fulfilled the requirements, out of three hundred and fifty Scouts in the City of Albany at the present time. Each year shows a 100% increase over the preceding year, and the records are taken from the Public, High and Private Schools.

At a recent Rally, when a number of Scholarship Badges were awarded, the Superintendent of Schools noticed the splendid record made by the Scouts and particularly commended the girls not only for the high rating achieved, but also for their influence for good in the class room, which had been brought to his attention by several of the teachers. In this way the Girl Scouts of Albany are trying to bring into their school life the principles of Scouting.

C. D. J.

Detroit, Mich.

The Captain of Troop 17 reports that some of the teachers attend her meetings, that the scouts take care of the small children and help in the athletic events. They also keep order in the corridors and assist the children to cross the streets.

MRS. J. L. PRIMROSE.

Columbus, Ohio

The only outstanding example of the Girl Scout work in connection with the schools of Columbus, Ohio, is the contribution of money to the "School Funds." Each High and Intermediate school has one of these funds. The purpose of this fund is to defray book, paper and pencil expenses for girls who can't afford to buy their own materials.

In another troop the girls spent an afternoon planting flowers and shrubs in the yard of their principal's home.

One more interesting feature is the flag raising held each morning at one of our schools. The Girl Scouts participate in this service.

Send in your accounts of work done by your troop in School.

New York City, N. Y.

In New York City, with its large school-going population, the field is divided into three parts: public, parochial, and private schools. And so great is the appeal of Scouting that it meets the need of each branch.

The public school building, in addition to being used by the school Troop, is frequently the home of a neighborhood Troop which can find no other meeting place save this hospitable roof. The school is also used for district rallies and conferences. The Scouts of most school Troops serve as messengers and escorts; they are the official color guard.

In Second Class work the schools lend valuable assistance. The teachers of sewing and cooking classes grant certificates, and these are accepted by headquarters in these subjects.

During the past winter, service has been emphasized by the public school Troops. A high school Troop volunteered to take groups of young children, from a settlement house, to Central Park every Saturday. Two East Side Troops did such splendid work in the City Hospital that the superintendent wrote a letter of commendation to Headquarters.

Last season, an "Educational Afternoon for Teachers," given at a public school, was most enjoyable. The program included demonstrations of Scout work, the Golden Eaglet film, and a splendid talk by the principal of a public school, where Scouting has been most successful.

Some of the parochial schools include Scouting in their curriculum. After classes the nuns teach the Promise and Laws. A most impressive rally was given by St. Joseph's, at the 9th Regiment Armory, with Archbishop Hayes and General Bullard as the guests of honor. Here the girls shared the program with the Boy Scouts.

An interesting feature of the private school work is the open air Scout meetings. An investiture in the park, amid delightful surroundings, and witnessed by an appreciative audience is a novel departure from Scouting in the city.

The Manhattan Council, at all times, co-operates with the Board of Education.

MARIETTA ATWOOD, Director.



Our Party Page

A Get-Acquainted Halloween Party

Now that you are reorganizing your troop—or perhaps you have just started one—you will want to hold a party to begin your fall and winter program and to get your new scouts acquainted with the older ones. As this is just the time when we celebrate that mysterious night on which the witches meet—Halloween—you can easily combine the two and have a very successful party.

Write your invitations on little pumpkin-colored folders and add the following rhyme:

*When you arrive next Tuesday night,
Oh, be prepared to tell
The worst adventure, fearful fright
That ever you befell.*

Of course, you will want your party to be a masquerade, so include in your invitations a request that everyone come representing some famous character in history or literature. For example, it would be great fun if three girls were dressed as the three witches in "Macbeth."

For decorations, use autumn leaves, pictures of witches, large and small black cats, that can be easily traced on black paper and hung on the curtains or whatever draperies there are in the room. Lighted jack-o'-lanterns can be attractively placed so as to give a real Halloween effect.

If you have a fireplace in your club room, or wherever you hold the party, seat the guests around it. Be sure that the lights in the room are dim, so that the general effect is very "spooky." Ask the girls to tell "The worst adventure, fearful fright" that they ever had happen to them. If you think that at first this will not work very well, get someone you know who can tell a good story to be the first one—and then watch the results!

Next, give each guest a pencil and paper and see which one can guess correctly the characters who are represented. As a prize for the one who has guessed the largest number, a miniature jack-o'-lantern, filled with candy, would be appropriate.

After each person has unmasked, there probably will be a great many new faces, especially if your troop is a new one—so why not play "Getting Acquainted?" Number your people off by ones and twos and form two circles—the ones on the inside and the twos on the outside. If you have a piano, get someone to play a lively march, or if there is no piano available, a victrola is just as good. At the sound of a whistle the piano is played and the twos march to the left and the ones to the right. Whenever the music stops, the inside circle faces the outside and the girls standing opposite each other shake hands, exchange names, and talk for a few seconds. Then the music begins again and everybody marches until it stops, talks to her partner and so on, until everyone has met everyone else.

Lots of people think that they are tired bobbing for apples, but here is a novel way it can be played. In a light zinc tub, which may be brought from the laundry, put at least a dozen red apples. In five of them conceal a ring, a thimble, a button, a penny, and a nickle. Just press the articles into the fruit and they will never be noticed in the wa-

ter. The person getting the ring is going to be married; the thimble means that one must win fame or fortune by one's own exertions; the penny, poverty; the nickle, wealth.

Another way to tell fortunes is by placing a number of objects on a table. Blindfold the guests and lead them to the table and have each one pick up the object first touched. Then, tell the meaning of the article. Of course, pictures may be used if you can't get the original. Here is a list:

Teapot—Your destiny is an old maid.

Diamond Ring—You are going to be married.

Lion—There is soon to rise a dominating influence in your life.

Automobile—Your romance will begin in an auto.

Piano—Through music will come your fate. (If there is no piano in the room place a sheet of music on the table.)

Hour Glass and Wings—You are wasting precious minutes.

Rural Scene—You will live in the country. (If you live in the country, use a scene of the city and—You will live in the city.)

Quaker—You will soon meet a very quiet person who will play a great part in your life.

Fence—You will meet with an obstacle soon, but you will be able to surmount it.

Four-leaf Clover—You will be lucky in life.

An interesting way to find partners for supper is to give each person half of a pasteboard pumpkin. Write a verse on each pumpkin before it is cut, and the two people having the halves of the pumpkin which complete a rhyme will go in to supper together.

Of course, you will have little favors for each guest, such as toy witches, black cats, little brooms, or anything which pertains to Halloween.

For refreshments, sandwiches, cut in the shape of pumpkins, served with tea (the witches' brew) and nuts are very appropriate.

MARIE R. NELSON.

ALL GIRLS LIKE TO GIVE PARTIES AND CERTAINLY GIRL SCOUTS ARE NO EXCEPTION. THIS IS PROVED BY THE NUMBER OF REQUESTS WE RECEIVE AT HEADQUARTERS FOR ENTERTAINMENT MATERIAL. WE HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED TO GIVE EVERY MONTH IN THE AMERICAN GIRL A NUMBER OF PARTY SUGGESTIONS. IF THERE IS ANY PARTICULAR KIND OF PARTY YOU WISH HELP WITH, WRITE TO US. ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU HAVE AN ORIGINAL IDEA FOR AN ENTERTAINMENT, SEND IT IN. WE WILL PAY \$1.00 FOR ANY ACCOUNT OF A PARTY OR PLAN FOR A PARTY CONSIDERED WORTHY OF PUBLICATION.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 8)

I shall strongly advise a boarding school for you this year—strongly advise it. I shall not be here more than two days on this visit, but I shall do my best to gain my brother's ear and make him see that it is necessary for you to be sent away to school."

"Aunt Emily, I do not want to go! I am learning a lot, truly; and I don't want to leave home. O'Mal—" Poor Sylvia stopped herself hastily. It would never do to tell this unsympathetic lady, who did not like animals, that she could not leave O'Malley.

Miss Bell raised her eyebrows. She had a way of raising them that was equal to any mustard plaster for producing a tingling on other people's surfaces.

"I have no doubt, no doubt, that you prefer to remain here, running wild, Sylvia," she said, rising. "But you are fifteen years old. It is my duty to ignore your present wishes for your ultimate good. You are my brother's sole child; I must do my duty by you."

"And you look a little like father—you really do," said Sylvia. "I wonder how it is that you are so different, so very different, from him?"

"Maybe she is a romp," Cassandra said to Miss Bell, in reply to a comment from that lady when Sylvia had passed, "but she's above doing anything mean, unkind, or in any ways low down, so sometimes I don't know but what we ought to leave Miss Sylvia alone to work out her own salvation, and be thankful she's the noble sort of creature she is."

THAT afternoon Miss Bell had hung a delicate-hued dinner dress, which she had brought with her, upon a chair in the dining room after Susie had ironed out of it the wrinkles acquired on its journey. Miss Bell carefully dressed for dinner at her brother's house, with a shadowy idea of setting Sylvia an example of propriety.

O'Malley, lacking Sylvia's company, had taken himself for a solitary walk that afternoon and, finding the day unexpectedly warm, had returned by way of the beach, and indulged in a cooling bath. He had come home by the highway and, finding the house door open, he had come in to look up Sylvia, blissfully indifferent to the combined salt water and dust mingled into solid results on his rough coat.

SYLVIA was nowhere about, but partly on the floor, partly on a chair, in the dining room, O'Malley found a delicate silver-blue silk skirt which seemed to him desirable. He pawed down the part that rested on the chair, circled around and around on the whole till he had it properly massed for his purpose, curled up in the middle of it and went to sleep.

He was aroused nearly an hour later by a shrill cry, a clamor of voices. There was Sylvia, half laughing, half crying, and Miss Bell with a broom which she had raised to smite O'Malley, but was restrained by Sylvia's weight.

"You shall not, Aunt Emily! You sha'n't strike him! He didn't know—" Sylvia was screaming hysterically.

O'Malley ran out of the door to the lawn. Miss Bell came after him, broom raised, wrath in her eye. O'Malley could easily have run away from her, but Sylvia was still clinging to her, and O'Malley was not sure whether he should go or stay, so long as his mistress was in the fray.

At that moment there came along a man, driving a thin horse in a light wagon, laden with tinware.

He stopped and entered the gate. "Want anything in my line today?" he asked. "Fine dog, that. I'd like just such a dog to watch my stuff when I'm in houses. Not for sale, is he?"

"He's to be given away," said Miss Bell, taking a sudden resolution. "He's not a fit dog for a house. He'd be just the thing for you. Catch him. He doesn't bite. Take him away with you."

The man put his hand on the unsuspecting O'Malley's collar.

"Nice dog! Fine fellow!" he said sincerely, and O'Malley wagged his tail.

Sylvia went up to the man, deadly pale, her eyes coal black, burning in the pallor.

"Don't you dare try to take that dog," she said. "He's mine. This woman doesn't even live here. Don't you touch him!"

"Sylvia!" said her aunt, sharply. "I am the girl's aunt, and you are to do as I tell you. Take your dog and leave."

"I guess, little lady, that what this lady says, goes. Sorry. I'll give you a fine piece of aluminum ware for him, lady," the man said, and stooped to lift O'Malley.

"At him! Bite him!" cried Sylvia.

O'Malley turned with a growl,

but before he had carried out Sylvia's orders, fortunately for his own existence, the man dropped O'Malley.

Sylvia seized the dog's collar, and set out on a run across the lawn. Mad with grief and rage, her overwrought nerves snapped at this culmination of a trying day.

She ran straight to her father's laboratory, straight to the forbidden sanctum, in which she, nor any one else, except her father and Eben Tompkins, was never allowed to set foot.

Sylvia burst in the door and stood before her father's amazed eyes, a sorry figure.

Grief and anger had altered her face to such an extent that even Mr. Bell's abstraction was startled into full consciousness of what he saw.

"Sylvia!" he cried, "What is it?"

"Father, save him, save him! Send her away. She's giving O'Malley to a man. He's mine—my one dear, dear chum. Send her away. What right has she? O'Malley! O'Malley!! O'Malley!!!" Sylvia's voice rose to a scream.

Mr. Bell came to her and laid an arm upon her shoulder.

"Do you mean your aunt?" he asked, with remarkable understanding. "O'Malley? Is that—that is your dog? Certainly, no one shall take him from you. Sylvia, be still."

"Father, father; oh, you darling father!" sobbed Sylvia, bursting into tears at this kindness. "O'Malley lay on her dress-up skirt; it had no business in the dining room. She was giving him to a tin man; he came along. Father, I can't stand it! She's nagged at me all day. Father, am I so bad? I only sail, and do things. I'm not wicked, honest; nor unladylike; not really. Send her away, father! Don't let her make me go off to school. I want to be here, right here. And oh, father, my own O'Malley!"

SYLVIA, said Mr. Bell, quietly, "I had no idea you felt like this. Go to your room and lie down. Take your dog with you. Rest assured you shall not give him up. Surely you can rest on my promise? I am grieved to see you in such a state; you have always struck me as a particularly happy child. Will you go to your room—with your dog—and try to calm yourself?"

"Yes, father. I'm sorry I came here, but I had to. Thank you, fa-

(Continued on page 25.)

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
Julia W. Williamson
Director

Philadelphia, Pa.

A line of tents, against a background of trees and a meadow rich with corn, at the top of a broad, gently-sloping green hillside, and at the foot a big camp house and a tiny infirmary, with a swimming pool down a steep incline to the left, the whole surrounded by trees—this is the Philadelphia Scouts' new camp. Because of the great oaks, beeches, willows chestnuts, poplars, locusts and maples, which seem to guard and shut us in from the outside world, we called it Camp Tall Trees.

Everyone who has been to Girl Scout Camp knows the busy, jolly days which are spent from the first bugle call to the raising of the flag, to the circle round the camp fire and the last note of the bugle at night; with fatigue, duty merrily and swiftly accomplished by the patrols, each striving to outdo the others; with flower-finding, bird hunting, signaling, hiking, dancing, singing and swimming, and all the other interesting kind of work and play which lead not only to fun but to real accomplishment. So every Scout who attended camp last summer can picture our life at Tall Trees.

The great event of the summer was Mrs. Hoover's visit to the Officers' Training School. The two days she spent with us were full of inspiration for those who were lucky to be there too. We greeted her with songs, one to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland":

*Oh presidents, our presidents,
Dear Lou Henry, here's to you.
And here's to our vice-president,
Dear Ann Hyde, oh here's to you;
We're so glad to see you here,
Wish you'd stay in camp a year.
Fifth National will always cheer
Presidents our presidents.*

And one to the tune of "Solomon Levi":

*Their names are Choate and Hoover,
and they've come to Tall
Trees Camp.*

*They've come to spend the night
with us, amid the dews and
damp.*

*They've lots of things to tell us, and
they're full of fun and "pep"
For all good things and scouting;
girls, they surely have the
"rep"!*

Chorus.

*Welcome to Tall Trees! Welcome,
tra, la, la, la!*

*Welcome, sister Girl Scouts! Wel-
come, tra, la, la!*

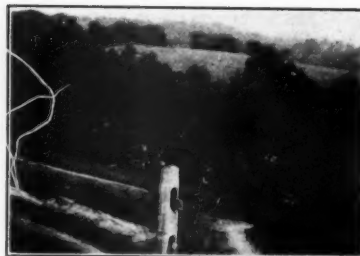
*You've lots of things to tell us,
and you're full of fun and
"pep."*

*We've heard about your good
deeds, and your Scouting has
a "rep."*

The Cricket patrol was lucky enough to win her as a member, and one Cricket writes: "Mrs. Hoover told us in the most delightful manner of several of her camping experiences, which included her trip through China. Everyone was indeed fascinated with her and all the officers, and after having spent two evenings around the camp fire with her, feel that she is just the very best kind of Girl Scout."

Mrs. Hoover had a rather damp visit, but, as one Scout phrased it, "She braved mosquitoes, dews, and damp" and made us quite forget the weather. The officers were not wholly lucky in their weather, but the drainage at the camp site itself was so good that the ground dried quickly, though some patrols were enabled by the mud on the roadway to gain extra points, when the self-starter proved incompetent, by pushing the Ford down the hill. The Scouts were luckier in their weather and we were able to have the camp fire out-of-doors almost every night with very few exceptions.

Among the most popular of the songs produced during the summer



Path to the Swimming Pool.

was this verse to the tune, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes":

*Teach me a true Girl Scout to be
And I'll not stray afield;
Teach me the ways of life to see
And how life's tools to wield.
The light that Scoutship spreads
abroad*

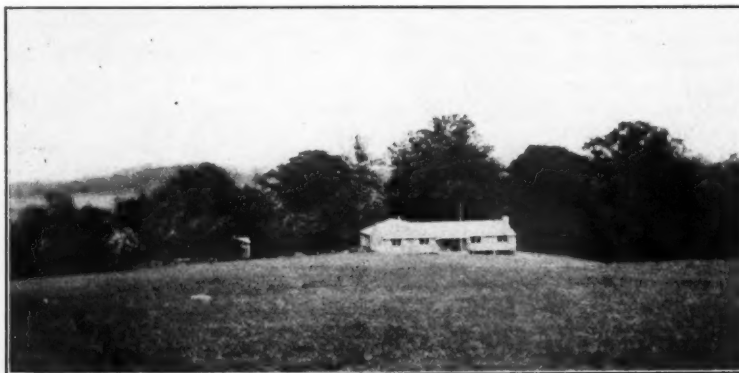
*Is steady, strong and bright;
Oh help us, Lord, to find the road
And keep it in our sight.
And a humorous one to the tune,
"Last Night the Nightingale Woke
Me":*

*Last night the rain drops awoke me
Just when I'd closed my eyes;
A tattoo they played on my tent
flaps,*

*As they gently fell from the skies.
I jumped up and loosened my guy
ropes,
I tripped and fell on the grass;
And ouch! how it hurt my tender-
foot,*

E'en though I was First Class.

From the Council Members who spent the first three nights in camp, from June 13th to 16th, through the seventeen officers who worked with Mrs. Mundy, Miss Perkins, and our own staff (Miss Rebmann, Miss MacGowan, Miss Strain and Miss Winton, the nurse), for two weeks, down to the youngest tenderfoot of the 701 girls who spent a week there, everyone agreed that at last we had an ideal camp.



Big Camp House and Tiny Infirmary.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 23.)

ther dear," Sylvia said. She raised his hand to her lips and kissed it.

Mr. Bell looked at her, then looked at his hand, a new expression dawning in his eyes. He laid that hand upon Sylvia's disordered hair.

"Where else should you go, except to your father, when you are in trouble?" he asked.

Sylvia and O'Malley crept back to the house and up to her room by the back stairs. They both had a long, refreshing sleep, O'Malley's head bent forward on her shoulder.

In the morning Miss Bell went away. She bade Sylvia a dignified, cold good-bye, her manner distant as it had never been before.

"Good-bye, Sylvia; I sincerely hope that the Bell common sense may rescue you from the ruin that seems to threaten you."

With which valedictory, Miss Bell's brief visit ended, and she departed in the carriage which had come to take her to the station.

Reliving her mad flight to her father's laboratory and his patience with her unprecedented intrusion, one thing began to stand out in Sylvia's memory. Her father's table was strewn with instruments: compasses, T-squares, rulers, and other instruments for mechanical drawing, and when she had burst open the door her father had thrown a large sheet of paper over the table, as if to conceal something. Was this so, or did she imagine it? And if it were so, what did it matter?

CHAPTER IX.

"One Morning, Oh, So Early."

WAKING at an hour long before the greater part of the world was astir, Sylvia had formed a sudden resolution to go for a long sail with no one but O'Malley to accompany her.

There was a small grocery in the village, not far distant from her home, which was always open at an improbable hour. Early as it was, Sylvia knew that she could buy at this place enough to carry her out and back upon her voyage. She had completely forgotten that she had agreed to play tennis with Ruth at half-past eight that morning.

No one was abroad, she passed no one, till she came well down toward her goal. Two men were ahead of her, with whom she soon caught up. She slackened her pace to pass them.

One of them turned his head; he

was a stranger. But the other put out his hand to O'Malley, and quickly withdrew it when the terrier growled forbiddingly.

"I remember you, but you don't remember me, sir," the man said, laughing. "Or perhaps you do. You growled at me the other time when I had the pleasure of seeing you."

He turned toward Sylvia as he spoke, and she instantly recognized the keen eyes and resolute chin of the person who had asked her about a boarding place a few days before.

"Good morning," he said, taking off his hat with the same elaborate politeness which Sylvia remembered. "Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I found a comfortable boarding house."

"I am glad," said Sylvia.

"My friend here has joined me; we are staying in your pretty town with much pleasure. I should imagine it might be attractive to people doing special work—artistic, scientific, or anything that required solitude. Do many people come here camping, for instance? Do you happen to know of any one working privately, so to speak? I dearly love to meet that sort of people. I am engaged in a sort of research work, myself, in my humble way."

He looked sharply at Sylvia as he spoke, and something within her seemed to contract. What did this mean? Why should this man ask her this question? Unless there were something he wanted to find out, and he took her for so young a girl that questioning her could do no harm. There was no one in the place that was interested in anything in the least akin to what this man hinted at—except her own father.

Instantly Sylvia resolved not to reveal the fact that her father's occupation seemed to fit into this man's description. And at the base of her resolution was a fear that she could neither define nor understand, for, although she knew nothing of her father's pursuit, she had always proudly exalted it in her thoughts.

"I think painters do come here," she said. "There are often people with easels set up on the beach, sketching here in the summer. I wouldn't know if authors came. I wish I did know it, if they do come; I'd dearly love to know an author."

"Thank you. It doesn't matter, of course. I imagined that you were the sort of girl who ran riot in the summer, on land and sea, and might

(Continued on page 26.)

Red Robin

BY JANE ABBOTT.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

Robin Forsythe has the unusual opportunity to jump straight from life with an artist father to the aristocratic house of her grandmother. Once there, she has very exciting times making friends with the "mill people" whom she tries to help.

Altogether, we felt that this is perhaps the most charming of all of Mrs. Abbott's books, and we feel sure that every Girl Scout will agree with us.

The price of the book is \$1.75.

Winona on Her Own

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

Winona and her best friend, Louise, decide in this book to be entirely self-supporting, and their adventures in search for work make a most interesting story.

Any girl who has read other books in this series will enjoy this one immensely, while others who have not will surely want to start in at the beginning and get very well acquainted with this splendid little heroine.

Price, \$1.75.

Famous Americans

Published by Barse & Hopkins.

All Girl Scouts will be interested to read these books as they are published. So far, we have read two of them—"George Washington" and "Benjamin Franklin."

They are written in such a way that every girl and boy will feel a more friendly and intimate interest in the hero when they have finished than they can possibly gain through history books.

This series will include famous women, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mary Lyon.



Just Tony

PRESENTED BY WILLIAM FOX

A beautiful horse always gives us a thrill, especially when he is running wild on the range. And so, when we saw this picture, we could hardly sit still.

Tony is certainly magnificent, so we couldn't blame Jim Perris, played by Tom Mix, for wanting to capture him and win his love. It was quite a task, however, for Tony was very clever; besides, he hated all men.

To see Tony in the middle of the night lure the horses to the mountain and win an exciting race against all odds, is worth while; but the part we enjoyed the most was when he finally decided that Jim Perris was his friend, and followed him, stepping cautiously, but keeping near enough so he wouldn't lose the trail.

The ending of the picture is decidedly satisfactory—and we are not going to tell you what it is, for we want you to feel as happy as we did about it.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 25.)

come across interesting things and people. But it doesn't matter. Much obliged," said the man.

"You're welcome; I haven't done anything," said Sylvia, proceeding, this time on a decorous walk, while the strangers fell back to allow her a long start.

"We've got to hurry, O'Malley," Sylvia said, breaking into a run as she emerged from the grocery shop. "We want to get off before the sun is high."

O'Malley was agreeable to this suggestion, so the girl and dog raced to the beach through the still empty streets.

There was a long arm of the bay which ran in for more than a mile, forming a peninsula almost opposite Sylvia's home. When the wind favored, Sylvia loved to navigate in this narrow sheet of water; it required enough skill in navigating to make it interesting.

That morning the wind was favorable to this enterprise, and Sylvia headed her beloved little craft, with the name that was intended to conceal her pride in it, across for the inlet.

As she rounded the point and proceeded slowly up the narrow water path that led inland, Sylvia saw on the pebbly beach a figure that

shocked her, precisely as the same sight had shocked her a few mornings before, when Gabriel Gaby was sailing her boat around the island while Sylvia discoursed upon the harmonica.

For now, as then, she recognized the figure as her father; this time alone.

Mr. Bell was clad in an oilskin suit, such as Sylvia had never seen him wear. He was down on hands and knees, groping in the shallow water. What could he seek there? What could he have lost, or expect to find in this out-of-the-way spot?

Sylvia could not hail her father when she first saw him, having that moment completely filled her mouth with a cracker, in order to free her hands for her work. But it was not necessary to hail him. Mr. Bell looked up as the sailboat moved toward him and, after a closer scrutiny of it, recognized its skipper, and waved his arm to her energetically, beckoning her to come ashore.

Sylvia luffed up as close to shore as she dared venture.

"Do you want me, father?" she called, her clear young voice easily heard over the narrow space between them.

"Yes. Eben has left me, and has evidently forgotten to come back."

"I am really exceedingly proud of your skill as a navigator, Sylvia. You handle your boat remarkably. I have been told that you were a skillful sailor; I find it unexpectedly true."

"Oh, father, I'm so glad; so fearfully, *fearfully* glad, if you liked it."

Sylvia felt that she could have fallen at his feet and worshipped him for no other reason than that he sat there, in her boat, letting himself be sailed home by her.

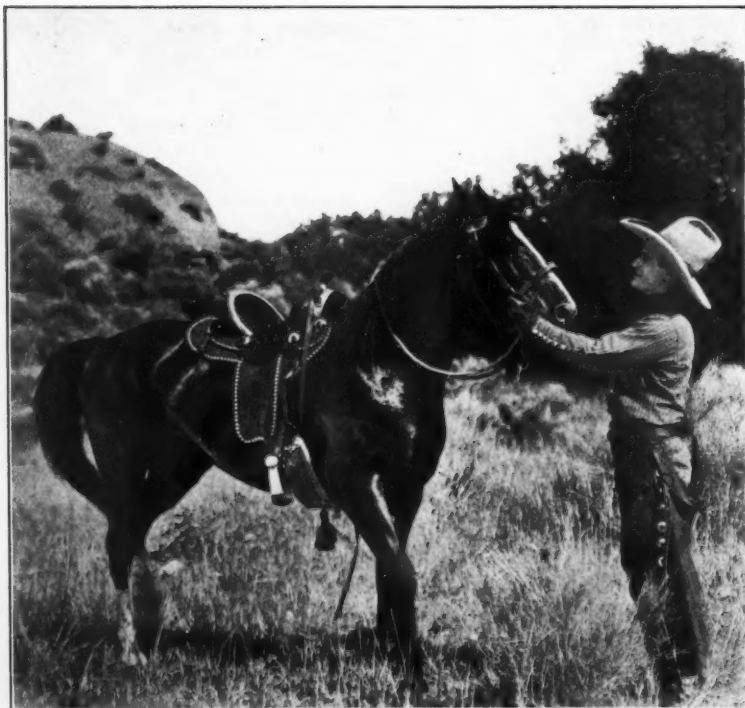
The wind had increased; the course home could be made in a few long tacks. Sylvia wished that it might be prolonged all day. All day? Forever!

"Are you coming home, Sylvia?" Mr. Bell asked, as they turned from tying up the rowboat on the beach.

"No, sir," said Sylvia, "I must go to Mrs. Leveritt's."

"Always be punctual to your engagements, my dear," her father said. "You have done me a very real service this morning. Let me add, my dear, that I have also enjoyed your companionship. You are an excellent shipmate. I have had a delightful voyage."

(To be continued.)



FOXLEASE HOUSE (Continued from page 23)

A TRAINING WEEK AT FOXLEASE.

It was my good fortune to go to the third training week at Foxlease, from July 14th to 22d. The night before the training week opened my husband and I spent with the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, at her home, Pax Hill, in the village of Bentley, Hampshire.

In the morning, our two husbands went by train to London, while the Chief Guide and I motored on to Foxlease, which is about forty-two miles away.

We reached Foxlease before the arrival of the other students, and the Chief Guide stopped only a short time. I ceased to be of any importance, as a visitor, and became, what I have always wanted to be—"one of the girls."

I was assigned to the Massachusetts room, and joined the "Rooks." There are four patrols at each training week, and they are called Rooks, Chaffinches, Chiffchaffs, and Green Finches. These names are to be permanent with each new set of students inheriting the records and traditions of their predecessors. If any old student returns, she automatically goes back to her old patrol.

Our week was delightful, full of interest to an overseas sister eager to see how things were done in England. The Rooks made their nest in the barn, composed their song, wrote their log daily and became a good team, much attached to each other before many days had passed.

Fatigue duties were light: Mess (setting, clearing the tables and serving); flowers (cutting and arranging the flowers and branches to decorate the house). Just imagine that being all the fatigue duty for one day! Cleanup (washing dishes) and Rest, which included being Color Guard, and nothing else!

There was no inspection, and the program was made daily at the Court of Honor. Each member served one day as Second, and another day as Patrol Leader. All instruction was given by either the Commandant, Miss Behrens, or her assistant, Miss Trotter, who gave the Nature Study and Tracking, etc.

In the morning after fatigue and taking care of our rooms, the patrols met in council, then came the Court of Honor, at which plans were made for the day, then came Guide activities for an hour and three quarters. At 3 o'clock, after

luncheon and rest, we gathered in the "hiking shed," where each patrol kept its own outfit of cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons, kettle, hatchet, ground sheet, etc., and securing our rations of bread, butter, milk, jam, and tea, sallied forth to the forest or to some favorite spot on the grounds to make fires, boil water and make tea. At 5:30 we had to be back in the shed, to wash the tea dishes. Somehow, two and one-half hours seemed to a mere American almost more than was necessary for the ceremony of tea.

At 6 we met in the barn for drill or instruction. One afternoon it was a typical Guide meeting, not a model meeting (there can be no "model" that all must follow). Another afternoon, we were all Brownies. Again we held an investiture when Australia and New Zealand were both enrolled.

The evenings were informal. Sometimes we sang and sometimes there were stories. One evening Mr. Cecil Sharp talked to us about the old English songs and dances. Only once could we have a camp fire out of doors, as ours was a showery week. Taps was at 10:30. Miss Trotter would "coo-oo-oo" in the passage, and all would stand at their bedroom doors and sing taps. After which we must keep quiet, but need not necessarily put out our lights.

On leaving, I was presented with the silver committee pin, the regular trefoil in silver with a star on the upper petal, and G. G. on the lower ones, which is given to any foreigner who attends training week. The whole school gave me a "Round Robin" with their autographs under their patrol emblems with a very sweet sentiment in the middle.

No one can go as a Girl Scout to England, without feeling the strong tie that binds us as sisters to the Girl Guides. This year, especially, when there were representatives from so many other countries, one felt the bond that reaches around the world, and in spite of all discouragements, we cannot help but believe that the great sisterhood will help to draw all countries closer together.

THE POST OFFICE HAS RECEIVED SO MANY REQUESTS FOR LETTERS FROM ENGLISH GIRL GUIDES THAT IT BEGS THE GIRLS TO BE PATIENT IN WAITING FOR THEIR ANSWERS.

Progress of the Certificate Appeal to the Lone Troops



The following are the Lone Troops that have made donations during the past month and have received certificates:

Troop 2—Rocky Ford, Colo.	\$10
Troop 1—Ramah, Colo.	10
Troop 1—Sharon, Pa.	10
Troop 41—Newark, N. J.	20
Troop 2—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	10
Troop 1—Salt Point, N. Y.	10
Troop 1—Marfa, Tex.	15
Troop 1—Bradford, Pa.	10
Troop 2—	10
Troop 3—	10
Troop 1—Pocahontas, Va.	10
Troop 1—Schuylkill Haven, Pa.	10
Troop 2—	10
Troop 1—Litchfield, Conn.	10
Troop 2—	10
Troop 1—Hutchinson, Kan.	10
Troop 1—Prague, Neb.	10
Troop 1—Portland, Me.	10
Troop 1—Conway, Ark.	10
Troop 1—Gouverneur, N. Y.	10

We quote from several of the interesting letters which have been received with these gifts. Troop 41 of Newark writes:

"I am inclosing a check for twenty (\$20) dollars from the Girl Scouts of Troop 41, Newark, N. J., as their donation toward the forming of other troops.

"We enjoy scouting so much, and have such good times with our instructions from various persons, competitions, hikes, working for merit badges, our parties once a month and, best of all, when we have our 'Mother and Girl Scout' day. We are glad to help spread the joys of scouting on to others."

"Troop 2, Rocky Ford, Colo., August 10, 1922.—Find inclosed ten dollars, for our pledge toward the aid of growth of Scouting. We hope that other girls will like and enjoy scouting as much as we do."

"Troop 1 of Marfa, Tex., wishes to send \$15 for the educational training of Scout leaders.

"Our unit is also giving \$10 to the Near East Relief. We are also gathering up bundles of clothing for the same cause.

"Inclosed find check, and we hope some day to have a university trained captain."

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Captain—Betty, why are you pulling little Jane's hair?

Scout—I'm bein' a sister to her.

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Captain (calling roll)—Bessy Smith!

Bessy—Here.

Captain (to troop)—Are you all here?

Bessy—Practically.

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Why not let us send your Troop a few gross to be sold in this way. We allow 30 or 60 days' credit, which means that you can hold the sale and do all of your collecting before you have to send us our share of the proceeds. These pencils are furnished and printed from your copy in lots of two gross and over at \$4.75 per gross, F. O. B., Camden, New York.

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MRS. BUREN H. TOLER, Mullens, W. Va.

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AMER. GIRL, October, 1922.
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October

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NEW SCHOLARSHIP BADGE (Continued from page 4)

course there's no doubt of it. She's been a Girl Scout for three years and I couldn't dream of questioning her word."

These are the things that mean more to us than any number of high marks on Scout examination papers. For just think what they mean: they mean that in the three great departments of personal health, personal efficiency and personal honor, the scouts are admitted to rank higher than the average non-Scout. It doesn't mean that non-Scouts *can't* do all these fine things—it means that all Scouts *can*—and *do*!

And when in every country all over the world the average citizen realizes that the Girl Scouts of his country do stand for these three great departments of life, and do make good in them, just think what it will mean to us!

And don't forget that every single, separate Girl Scout in this country has the power to make a certain number of citizens think anything she likes them to think about the Girl Scout movement. She can make them inquire about it; she can make them criticize it; she can make them laugh at it; she can make them respect and admire it. What are *you* making *your* citizens think?

Awards Granted During June, July and August, 1922

GOLDEN EAGLETS

Eleanor Barnes, Troop 2, Hoboken, N. J.; Violet Davey, Troop 1, Hoboken, N. J.; Gladys Jaerren, Troop 5, Hoboken, N. J.; Elizabeth Wehr, Troop 2, Hoboken, N. J.; Frances Weisbart, Troop 1, Hoboken, N. J.; Captain Sears, Troop 2, Middleboro, Mass.; Catherine Fennell, Troop 10, Baltimore, Md.; Margaret Robins, Troop 32, Toledo, Ohio; Capt. Helen Masten, Troop 1, Englewood, N. J.; Mildred Crane, Troop 4, Lancaster, Mass.; Catherine Dennis, Troop 5, Ossining, N. Y.; Capt. Day, Troop 11, Yonkers, N. Y.; Adelaide Beckford, Troop 15, Rochester, N. Y.; Marion Morgan, Troop 13, Rochester, N. Y.; Winifred Brooks, Troop 1, Hingham, Mass.; Ellen Nicholson, Troop 4, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Anne Burkhardt, Troop 1, Donora, Pa.; Virginia Lipscond, Troop 2, Rome, Ga.; Marguerite Quinn, Troop 13, Macon, Ga.; Anna Hardy, Troop 1, Tulsa, Okla.; Hilda Essley, Troop 1, Tulsa, Okla.

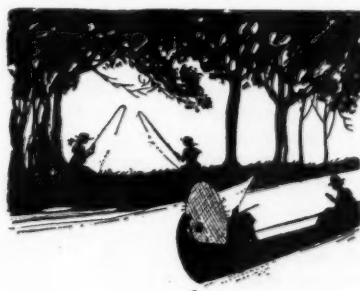
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A STUDY IN CLOTHES (Continued from page 14)

too soon, we'll have a puzzle to know how to dispose of her until the auto returns."

Then Lovey had an idea. "Let's order an automobile to wait down the street. Then, if she does come out, we can take her there and drive out to meet the rest of the girls. I'm scared to death that she'll attract the attention of the other freshmen, and we'll have a mob pouncing on us to rescue her. She's the most important officer they have, and we must kidnap her."

The others agreed, and one of them was dispatched to the local garage to get a car. When it finally drew up, the chauffeur was instructed to stop at a safe distance down the street and wait. Then the four girls, one on each side, took up their guard duty.

The time sped on. Several other sophomores came down after breakfast to help swell the forces and to let the rest go to a tea room for a hasty bite. An occasional freshman walking by must have wondered at the gathering of the second-year girls, but there was no sign of a rescue party. Finally, the bell for chapel rang. Lovey strolled over from her post. Worry was depicted on her face. "D'y'e know," she began, "I believe we ought to get that girl before chapel is over; otherwise I'm afraid they'll notice the loss of their class officers, or some of their roommates will get up a surprise party and bring it down. I'm going to try to get the president."

Margaret agreed reluctantly. She wanted to wait until Glen and her sister returned, so that they could have the automobile and know where the other officers were imprisoned, but she saw the wisdom in Lovey's suggestion and agreed. From her position behind a bush that bordered the front walk, she watched Lovey go up and ring the bell.

Professor Winthrop himself answered. His coat was already on, and he carried his hat and a brief bag. When he had greeted Miss Loveland and learned her errand, he called up the stairs. Then he returned, smiling broadly. "Miss Ward does not care to see company today," he reported, loud enough for all the watchers to hear.

"Does she know I want to see her especially?" Lovey asked.

"I believe that is just the reason she is so anxious not to see you."

(Continued on page 34)

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A

Brownie's Dream

By Virginia Matthias

This play was published in the December issue of **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. There are a few magazines left which may be had for 15 cents per copy.

THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Is your Troop planning to give a Thanksgiving entertainment this year? If you are why not give

The Girls Scout's Thanksgiving

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

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THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Correction

In the June issue, in the Story of 1776, it was stated that June 14, 1776, was the birthday of our flag. This is *not* correct. It was in 1777 that Congress passed the resolution which made the Stars and Stripes our national flag.

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(Continued from page 32)

Are you walking up toward the campus, Miss Loveland? I'm afraid that you'll be late for your class." His whole attitude showed how hugely he was enjoying the joke.

"Not this morning, Professor," replied Lovey. "I thought that I ought to be out of doors, you know, for awhile. But please tell Charlotte Ward that I'll wait until she finds it convenient to see me."

He relayed this message to someone upstairs, and then came out, shutting the door carefully behind him. As he reached the street, he discovered Margaret. "Ah, another early riser," he observed, lifting his hat politely. "I had no idea our freshman lodger was so popular." Then he went on his way toward college. They heard him laugh to himself once or twice before he reached the corner.

"I wonder whether she's really there, after all," mused Margaret. But there was no way to find out except by waiting. And wait they did.

A half hour passed. Suddenly the noise of the opening of the front door galvanized them all into attention. A lady came out carrying a basket, and bundled in furs. Margaret was almost certain that it was Mrs. Winthrop. She stepped in front of her and asked the way to the home of another teacher, to be sure. One glimpse of the wedding ring on her left hand, however, convinced the Twin that this was not the freshman president, and she made no attempt to stop her as Mrs. Winthrop went to her marketing.

Later, so much later that they had lost count of the time, they heard a honking of horn, and Glen in her auto rolled up to report that the rest of the freshman officers were safely under guard. Then, leaving the auto standing by the curb, she and Gladys, who had returned with her, went to see the chauffeur of the other car and pay him for his waiting. Several of the girls also had to leave for morning classes which they could not afford to miss.

"If that girl doesn't come down pretty soon," Glen said, as she returned, "we'll have to go in and get her. Professor Winthrop isn't there, and you say Mrs. Winthrop has gone out, so there's nobody to stop us."

"Why don't you go and ring the bell? If she's alone, she'll have to come to answer it," was Gladys' contribution.

At that moment the door opened and a man came out. He had a

U. S. Flags for Hut or Rallies

Your Chance to Get One FREE



SEND FOR YOUR PENCILS
TODAY!

We will send you free of all cost one gross of our highest grade Hexagon, Gilt Tip, Rubber Eraser Lead Pencils, to be sold at five cents each. Each pencil inscribed "Sold for the Troop Flag." After sale remit to us the proceeds and we will send you at once, all delivery charges paid, a Five or Six Foot United States Flag. Flags are made of regular flag cloth, fast colors, stripes securely sewed, complete with heavy canvas heading, metal grommets and suitable for outdoor or indoor use. Larger flags for selling two gross. Any Troop can earn a flag in less than an hour.

We also have a dandy way to increase your Troop fund.

Write for Our Plans

CHIBBY PENCIL COMPANY - RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

muffer about his throat, and with his gloved hands he was buttoning up his coat collar against the chill of the morning, as he came down the path to the street. He paid no attention to the girls, who were in plain sight, but walked briskly toward them and was just about to turn into the sidewalk when Margaret Hammon stepped up and blocked the path.

"If you're ready, Miss Freshman President, your car is waiting, and you'll probably need that borrowed overcoat, because it may be cold before you get back." Then she clutched the figure and held her prisoner until the other girls ran up to help her. Some one knocked off the soft felt hat, and with her long hair falling down over her shoulders there was no doubt of the identity of the captive.

"But why did you ever try to escape now?" they asked her when she was safe in the auto, a sophomore on either side of her.

"I saw some of your girls go away a little while ago, and I knew that there would be a lot of you later in the morning, and that you would be harder to fool. If I could have telephoned, I'll bet you wouldn't have caught me."

"Perhaps not," Lovey acknowledged. "But you almost got away as it was." She could afford to be generous, now that the prisoner was safe. "You certainly fooled me. I thought you were a man."

"Looked just like one," admitted another sophomore. "I don't see how Margaret ever discovered the trick."

"Yes, how did you?" questioned Glen.

Margaret laughed. "Because of a mackinaw my brother used to wear."

"A mackinaw?" echoed the rest. "What do you mean?"

"Well, he ripped out a buttonhole once on a barbed wire while we were hiking together, and asked me to mend it, but not to worry about doing it too carefully, because he never used that buttonhole. Then I learned, too, that while we girls button our coats on the left side, a man does it on the right. So, when this 'man' came down the path, buttoning his coat on the left side, I got a hunch."

Seven hours later, when a group of sophomores sat in a hayloft some distance from Natick College and still farther from the freshman ban-

quet, Lovey as toastmistress, called on the freshman president as first speaker. She took her misfortune gracefully, not being angry as some of the freshmen were. She had expected to be addressing her whole class about this time, but the only freshmen before her were her own fellow officers, every one of them having been kidnapped and prevented from attending their class banquet.

"Since you let me choose my subject," she began, "I shall talk about equality, and especially equality in clothes. May the day soon come when there shall be no difference in the way of fastening garments. Then we can escape from tyrants who try to keep us in subjection, and instead of eating cheese, sandwiches and olives with prison guards, we can dine in state with those who have intellect to appreciate us—the members of the freshman class."

"Class yell for fashions!" cried the Hammon Twin, and the sophomores, amid laughter, cheered the fashions in clothes that had won the day for them.

THE END.

Atascadero, Calif.

Our camp was at Atascadero Beach in a great clump of willows, and labyrinthian paths wind all about among the trees, which adds very much to the attractiveness of the grounds. It was only three hundred feet to the ocean beach. There was a good well with splendid water. The garbage was donated to a herd of goats at a nearby farm. We constructed our own latrine.

Our meals were well balanced, and we had an abundance of everything we needed. We only charged each girl \$5.00, which seemed to us pretty fine managing.

The girls had one swim a day—not more than twenty minutes—some delightful hikes, rowing, etc. They were charmed with the sand dunes, and spent hours on the sand. Here they practiced signaling, preparing for their Second Class test.

Our girls are buying their own equipment so it takes a little time to earn the money, but we hope to have them entirely equipped by the time school opens.

B. S. H., Captain.

SELL CANDY FOR US

Liberal profits. 30 days in which to send us our share of the proceeds. Express prepaid to any point in U. S. east of Syracuse, N. Y. and north of Philadelphia, Penna. Liberal express allowances elsewhere. Candy absolutely fresh. Shipments same day order is received.

\$24.00 Easily Earned

Upon order of your captain we will send an assortment of 60 boxes of bars (24 bars to a box) to be sold for us—all 5c bars of standard well-known makes including SCHRAFFT, HERSEY, WANETA, etc. Sell them in 30 days. Send us \$48. Keep \$24 profit. This profit is clear unless you are outside our prepaid zone. Give reference.

We also send smaller lots, 30, 40 or 50 boxes on similar terms at proportionate prices.

You can order from this advertisement or send for circular.

FRED D. LESURE COMPANY

Wholesale Confectioner

FITCHBURG, 16 BROAD ST., MASS.

BASKETRY MATERIALS. Reeds, raffa, wooden bases, chair cane, Indian ash, splints, cane, webbing, wooden beads, braided straw, rush, willow, pine needles, books, tools, dyes, Catalogue and Directions, 15 cents. LOUIS STOUGHTON DRAKE, Inc., 26 Everett St., Allston, Station 34, Boston, Mass.

GENUINE INDIAN MADE BASKETS AND WAMPUM

95 Styles

Priced wholesale. Catalogue free.

FRANK MARION GILHAM
Kelseyville, California

10 Buys
\$100
Millions
in use
today



Engel
Art Corners

No PASTE NEEDED
Use them to mount all kodak
pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fan and Heart
of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper.
Stick them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick
QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No mess, no fuss. All photo
supplies, large and small stores. Write for full color and com-
plete from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 78-47118, Clark St., Chicago

A GIRL SCOUT SEES AND HEARS

Lend Us Your Eyes and Ears
and We Will Improve Them

THE GUIDE TO NATURE

Subscription \$1.50 per year
Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
ArcAdia

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

Don't forget to send us your best
Scout jokes. We depend on
YOU to help us fill our new de-
partment.

YOUR

Collection will be benefited if you let us serve you. A few examples of our bargains, and a trial will show you our service:

150 all different Hungarian stamps. Catalogues \$4.75. A fine bargain....	\$1.50
60 all different Swedish stamps. Catalogues \$1.25. A leader. Post free....	.30
500 stamps from almost every corner of the globe. All different. Catalogues about \$11.00.....	.95
1000 different varieties. A packet that satisfies all. It's yours for.....	2.45
15 different stamps with birds, animals, fish, etc. A regular zoo.....	.15
100 different stamps from British Colonies, including Johore, Mauritius, etc.	.35
35 different French Colonials, including Wallis Isle, Martinique, etc.....	.25
50 different Portuguese Colonials, including Azores, Mozambique, Horta, etc.....	.50
100 all different stamps from countries participating in the World War. A regular collection in itself.....	.20

IF

you will try our approval department, you'll surely have a collection you'll be proud of. Our stock contains British, French and Portuguese Colonials, and some U. S., besides a large supply of general foreign. Many sheets at 50% discount, with larger discounts on large purchases, besides thousands of sets, based on cost, at desirable prices. As an inducement for you to apply for these approvals, we make you this offer: We'll present you, with our compliments, with a fine copy of the world's smallest stamp. If you'll enclose two cents return postage.

WILBUR F. CANNON
1918 East Tenth St. Davenport, Iowa

COMBINATION

3 diff. triangular stamps—Austria & Prussia } ALL FOR
2 diff. German Airplane stamps—large ones } 8c
2 diff. Hungary Thirty stamps—also set }
2 diff. Central Libanona (new country) }
50 all different stamps, many countries } How's That?

Just because we want you to get a look at our approvals
O. W. Crowder & Co., Dept. G., Waverly, Balto., Md.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE

Big Variety packet of foreign stamps from all over the world with our price list free for 2c postage.

GRAY STAMP CO.

Dept. A. G., Station E. Toronto, Canada

FREE A fine premium to applicants for my approvals. 250 well mixed stamps from many countries, only 25c. 25 stamps, all different, 40c.

R. W. WAGNER STAMP COMPANY
2053 E. 88TH STREET CLEVELAND, OHIO

SCOUTS!

125 Social Size Linen Finish paper, 100 Envelopes to Match, printed with Old English, black or parsons face type, blue or black ink, and mailed for \$2.00. Samples all printing free for the asking.

SUN COMPANY, L. 490, Mohawk, N.Y.

MAKE \$19 PER 100 stamping names on key checks. Send 25c for sample and instructions. A. M. G. KETTAG CO. Cohoes, N.Y.

\$3 PER 1000 allowed to distribute circulars. Send 10c for sample labels, circulars and instructions. A. M. G. INHALEN CO., Cohoes, N.Y.

\$30 EVENINGS home made kit. Small mail order business started with \$2. I will trust you \$2. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and plan, 25c. A. M. G. SCOTT, Cohoes, N.Y.

\$10 PER 1000 paid for cancelled stamps. High prices paid for coins. Send 10c for price list. A. G. SCOTT, Cohoes, N.Y.

Boys and Girls Earn Christmas Money
Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 45 un-ordered Xmas seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10c each. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00. We trust you.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept D. Beverly, Mass.

When writing to Advertisers
kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

A CRASH IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 11)

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gilbert. This is my friend, Neal Walcott," repounded Halsey.

"And my friends, Lucia Stanton, Florence Steele, and Ruth Madison, are with me."

"If you'll fetch your megaphones, I'll bring father out and introduce him," giggled Lucia.

"Will you go by the window or by the door?" she asked.

"The window is all right."

Lucia flashed the light again on the open window and Halsey took his departure. Lucia laid the light between her knees, and it cast its beams on the foot of the stairs.

Once she thought she heard the creaking of boards, so ajar were her nerves. She seized the light to turn it on the man on guard; then, ashamed of the suspicion, changed her mind.

The minutes went slowly, and finally Halsey returned, and with him was Mr. Russell; and silence, after longer minutes, again reigned in the cottage.

In the morning, the girls returned to their pile of trinkets. They were as they had left them the night before—only the Beta pin was missing. In its place rested a black and gold Psi U pin, which Florence, seeing, blushed; and seizing it, without a word of explanation pinned it in its old place on her blouse.

The girls had hardly finished breakfast, when two callers appeared, Mr. Halsey Chase and Mr. Neal Walcott.

"We are staying over for a day or two," Halsey announced, "as you say you are needing the cottage no longer."

"We are delighted to have you," Molly returned enthusiastically.

"It will be an occasion for the renewal of old acquaintances," said Halsey. "I shall be glad to know you again, and Neal has discovered an old friend among your friends—Miss Steele."

The girls' eyes turned from Neal to Florence. Neal was standing by the window, his hands in his trousers' pockets. On the expanse of vest thereby displayed glistened a little Beta pin, and above the black and gold pin that nestled in Florence's blouse, Florence's face wore a brighter pink than the firelight had given it when she had no secrets to tell.

THE END.

ATTENTION!

A 1923 CALENDAR as a special "Christmas Offering"; a Calendar is just what you want to give for a Holiday Gift. We make them and make them from one of your favorite Film Negatives, all hand tinted. Send in one of your films with 50c., for a sample. Why not? Your money back if not satisfied.

AZ-U-LYK-M, Bristol, Vt., Drawer P

Kodak Prints 3 Cents

Post Cards 5c. Developing 5c a roll

"WE DO IT BETTER"

Dept. S

ALTINE PHOTO CO.

1982 KINNEY AVE. CINCINNATI, O.

KODAK FILMS

developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—satisfaction or money back.

CAMERON PHOTO CO.

A3418 Burch Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

KODAKERS

Sample Enlargement, dime, and negative (returned). Sample roll developed and six glacé prints, 25c silver. THE BROWN STUDIO LAKE ELMO, MINN.

KODAK FINISHING

TRIAL OFFER

Film developed and six prints 25c, or six prints from negatives 15c. Quick service.

PASCO PHOTO LABORATORIES

Desk A, Austin, Minnesota

KODAK FINISHING

One roll film developed and 6 velvet prints for 15 cents (coin). This is a "get acquainted" offer, good for first order only. KODAK KITCHEN YALE, OKLAHOMA

Boys and Girls EARN XMAS Money

Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10c a set. When sold, send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00.

NEUBECKER BROS.

961 E. 23rd St., Dept. 39, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CHRISTMAS POST CARDS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO SELL

Send for 25 packages of Beautiful Christmas Post Cards. Sell for 10 cents a package. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00. WE TRUST YOU. AMERICAN CARD CO., Dept. 10, Beverly, Mass.

SELL XMAS TAG AND SEAL PACKAGES

Send each package contains a complete assortment of Keep Half Seal No Money. We Trust You! 25 Ten Half Cent Packages Sent Prepaid. When Sold Send \$1.25, Keep \$1.25. ORLEANS PARCEL POST CO., W. 181, ORLEANS, VERMONT

When writing to Advertisers
kindly mention THE AMERICAN GIRL

Manufacturers since 1869 of

NECKERCHIEFS
MIDDY SQUARES
MIDDY TIES
WINDSOR TIES

for camps and schools in many colors and qualities including the best silk and mercerized cotton grades. These may be purchased from The Girl Scout Supply Dept.

(See Price List)

Contracts solicited

STANTON BROTHERS

105-107 Fifth Ave.

New York City

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

SAMTER BROS. CO.

SCRANTON, PA.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.

7th St., at F St., N.W.

Washington, D. C.



Below are given some of the many ways in which a scout can earn money for her uniform or other scout equipment. Why not try these out and see how quickly they will swell the treasury? Please remember that "The American Girl" wants your original plans for earning money for this column. You can help your sister scouts by sending them to us.

This fall many a Girl Scout can help her neighbors—or maybe her mother, in the garden. Lavender has to be cut, fruit harvested, flower seeds gathered and labeled, vines trained and bushes pruned. In all these ways a girl can make herself useful, and anyone will be willing to pay a little for her help. She should charge a certain price an hour, according to the work.

Girl Scouts may also earn money by taking books to and fro from the library and by doing shopping for ladies who are not able to get to the stores. And every Girl Scout will really *enjoy* taking care of a darling baby for a certain number of hours a day—this will help her win her Child Nurse Badge at the same time.

BALLOONS FOR GIRL SCOUT DANCES PARTIES and PARADES

These may be printed to suit the occasion. Where several hundred balloons are required we can supply

GAS

"The kind that makes balloons go up"

and all the necessary equipment to inflate balloons. Write for quotations and particulars.

603
THIRD
AVENUE



NEW
YORK
at 39th St.

At GIMBELS

PHILADELPHIA

GIRL SCOUTS WILL FIND

—Uniforms and Equipment of all kinds, for one girl or for an entire Troop. And a prompt and helpful Service—a Girl Scout Lieutenant is in charge who will take a personal interest in your particular requirements.

GIMBEL BROTHERS

SCOUT SERVICE

PHILADELPHIA

PASS YOUR SEWING TEST

By Making Your Own Uniforms at Home and Save Money

With our "Ready to Sew" garments any Girl Scout can make her own uniform in a "jiffy" and have one that fits better, looks better and is better. Material all cut out. Illustrated charts and complete instruction with each garment.

PRICES OF READY TO SEW UNIFORMS

Size	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Long Coat	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$2.75	\$3.25	\$3.25	\$3.25
Short Coat and Skirt..	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	3.75	4.25	4.25	4.25
Skirts, Extra	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	2.00	2.00	2.00
Bloomers	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50

With each ready to sew garment the necessary buttons and G. S. lapels are given FREE

Manufactured by M. M. Anderson, Jamaica, N. Y.

On Sale
at

GIRL SCOUTS, INC., 189 Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK

GIRL SCOUT UNIFORMS



LONG COAT

READY MADE

Size 10 to 18..... \$3.50
Size 38 to 42..... 4.00

READY TO SEW

Size 10 to 18..... 2.75
Size 38 to 42..... 3.25

KHAKI HAT, \$1.50

Approx. head measurement	Size
20 1/4 in.	6 1/2
21 1/4 "	6 3/4
21 1/2 "	7
22 "	7 1/4
22 1/4 "	7 1/2
22 1/2 "	7 3/4
23 "	7 1/2
23 1/4 "	7 3/4
23 1/2 "	7 1/2
24 1/4 "	7 3/4
24 1/2 "	8

SPECIAL NOTICE

Hats are not returnable. Be sure to give the correct size when ordering.



RAINCOAT

Girl Sizes 6 to 16 \$6.00
Juniors 15 to 19 8.00



RAIN CAPE

Girl Sizes 6 to 16 \$7.00
Junior Sizes 15 to 1910.50

Poncho (45x72) \$3.25
(60x82) 4.50



SHORT COAT AND SKIRT SUIT

READY MADE

Size 10 to 18..... \$4.50
Size 38 to 42..... 5.00

READY TO SEW

Size 10 to 18..... 3.75
Size 38 to 42..... 4.25

OFFICIAL PRICE LIST OF FLAGS

NOTICE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

American Flags

Size	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft., 8 1/2 inches		4.50

Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No..... \$1.50

Staffs

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem	\$6.50
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.40
G. S. Emblem, Separate	3.60
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
Flag Carrier	2.50

Troop Flags

Size	Material	Price Each	Price for Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter
2 1/2 x 4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c " "
Flag Set			\$1.25

Includes:

- 1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed 6-ft Staff
- 1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy web carrying case

Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not jointed..... .60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair..... .75

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT (Girl Scouts), 189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN GIRL

GIRL SCOUT SWEATERS

ALL WOOL, CLOSELY KNITTED — COLOR, OLIVE DRAB

SWEATER-COAT

Price
Sizes 34 to 40.....\$7.50



SLIP-ON MODEL

Price
Sizes 34 to 40.....\$6.50



Please Order by Size

OFFICIAL OUTDOOR UNIFORMS

Middy, sizes 10 to 42..... \$1.75
Skirt (R. M.), sizes 10 to 18..... 2.00
" 18 to 42..... 2.00

Bloomers, sizes 10 to 42..... \$2.25
(Made of Official Girl Scout Khaki)

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE.

(GIRL SCOUTS)

NEW YORK CITY.

